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**THE
BATTLE
OF
FLODDEN-FIELD**

WHICH WAS FOUGHT

**Between the ENGLISH under the Earl of SURREY,
(In the Absence of King HENRY VIII.)**

AND

The SCOTS under their valiant King JAMES IV.

WHO

**Was SLAIN on the FIELD of BATTLE,
In the YEAR, 1513.**

AN HEROIC

P O E M,

In NINE FITS or PARTS.

COLLECTED

FROM ANTIENT MANUSCRIPTS.

By JOSEPH BENSON, PHILOMATH.

LANCASTER:

Printed and Sold by C. CLARK, Market-Place :

**Sold also by LONGMAN, HURST, REES, & ORME, Pat-
ernoster-Row ; and by LACKINGTON, ALLEN,
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H. MOZLEY, Gainsborough.**

1805.

280. k. 165.

II.

A fearful field in verse I'll frame,
 If you'll be pleas'd to understand ;
 O FLODDEN MOUNT ! thy wond'rous name
 Doth sore affright my trembling hand.

"and popular musicks, sung by the *canta banqui*,
 "upon benches and barrel's heads, where they have
 "none other audience than boys or country fellows
 "that pass by them in the street ; or else by Blind
 "Harpers, or such like tavern minstrels, that give
 "a Fit of mirth for a groat.—their matter being
 "for the most part stories of old time, as the tale
 "of sir Topas, the reports of Bevy's of Southampton,
 "Guy of Warwick, Adam Bell and Clymme of
 "the Clough, and such other old romances or hi-
 "storical rhymes, made purposely for the recreation
 "of the common people at Christmas-dinners and
 "bridales, and in taverns and ale-houses and such
 "other places of base resort," p. 69.—This spe-
 "cies of entertainment, which seems to have been
 "handed down from the antient bards, was in the
 "time of Puttenham falling a-pace into neglect ; but
 "that it was not even then, wholly excluded from
 "more genteel assemblies, he gives us room to infer
 "from another passage.—I would observe by the
 "way the author was one of queen Elizabeth's gent.
 "pensioners, at a time when the whole band con-
 "sisted of men of distinguished birth and fortune.
Vid. Ath. Ox.—"We ourselves, says this courtly
 "writer, have written for pleasure a little brief ro-
 "mance, or historical ditty in the English tongue
 "of the isle of Great-Britain, in short and long
 "metres, and by breaches or divisions, (i. e. Fitts)
 "to be more commodiously sung to the harp in
 "places of assembly, where the company shall be
 "desirous to hear of old adventures and valiances
 "of noble knights in times past, as are those of

FLODDEN FIELD.

III.

Thou god of war do me admit ;
For to discuss, with sounding praise,
This bloody field, this fearful fight,
Which fought was in our father's days.

B 2

" King Arthur and his Knights of the Round-Table,
" sir Bevys of Southampton, Guy of Warwick, and
" others like." p. 33.

In more antient times no grand scene of festivity
was compleat without one of these reciters to en-
tertain the company with feats of arms, and tales of
kighthood, or, as one of these old minstrels says,
in the beginning of an antient romance.

*When meat and drinke is great plentye,
And lords and ladyes still will bee,
And sitt and solace blythe ;
Then it is time for me to speake
Of keene knyghts, and kempes great,
Such carping for to kytbe.*

If we consider that a Groat in the age of Eliza-
beth was more than equivalent to a shilling now,
we shall find that the old harpers were even then,
when their art was on the decline, upon a far more
reputable footing than the ballad-singers of our time.
The reciting of one such historical poem as this of
FLODDEN FIELD in nine parts, was rewarded with
more than ten shillings of our Money. And that
they made a very respectable appearance, we may
learn from the dress of the old beggar, in the fol-
lowing stanzas of an old ballad, intituled *the Beggar
of Bednal-Green*, ver. 34.

*But in comes the beggar clad in a silk cloke,
A faire velvet capp, a fether bad bee,
And now a musicyan for sooth bee would bee.*

FLODDEN FIELD.

IV.

Ye muses all my mind incense,
And thou Pol'hymnia most prudent;
Lest Nemesis for each offence,
With poet's rod make me repent.

*He had a daintye lute under his arme,
He touched the strings which made such a charme,
Saies, please you to beare any musicke of mee,
He sing you a song of prettye Beesee.*

*With that his lute he twanged straitway
And thereon begann most sweetlye to play;
And after that lessons were play'd two or thre,
He strained out this song most delicatelie.*

The EXORDIUM of his SONG.

"It was a blind beggar had long lost his sight,
&c." and his claiming a Groat for his reward in
the following stanza are peculiarly characteristic of
that profession.

*Then give me leave nobles and gentles each one,
One song more to sing, and then I have done;
And if that itt may not winn good report,
Then do not giue me a Groat for my sport.*

Most of the old metrical compositions begin in a pompous manner, as the reader may observe in the second and third stanzas of the ensuing historical ballad, in order to captivate the attention of the audience, and induce them to purchase a recital of the whole song, according to its subdivison into Fits or Cantos: and they seldom conclude the first of them without large promises of still greater entertainment in the second. This was a necessary piece of art to incline the hearers to be at the expence of a second Groat's worth.—Many of these

V.

Pardon, ye poets all, I cry,
 My simple rude and rugged rhyme,
 E'en tho' the hill parnassus high
 Presumptuously I press to climb :

B 3

old songs extending, like this of ours, to eight or nine Fits, would necessarily afford a considerable profit to the reciter.

To return to the word Fit; it seems at first to have peculiarly signified the pause or breathing-time between the several parts, (answering to *passus* in the Visions of Pierce Plowman): Thus in the old Poem of John the Reeve, the first part ends with this line,

“ The first Fitt here find wee : ”

That is, here we come to the first pause or intermission. By degrees it came to signify the whole part or division preceding the pause; and this sense it had obtained so early as the time of *Chaucer*: who thus concludes the first part of his rhyme of sir *Topas*, (writ in ridicule of the old ballad romances.)

Lo! lordis mine, here is a fitt;
If ye woll any more of it;
To tell it woll I fonde.

Some have found reason to think that the word *Fitt*, originally signified “ a poetic strain, verse.” or “ poem : ” for in these senses it is used by the Anglo-Saxon writers. Thus king Alfred in his *Boetius*, having given a version of lib. 3. metr. 5. adds, *DAME WISDOM than har Fittre azungen hade*, p. 65. i. e. “ When wisdom had sung these (Fitts) verses.” And in the proem to the same book, *Fon on Fitte*, “ put in (Fitt) verse.” So in *Cedmon*, p. 45. *Fonde on Fitte*, seems to mean, “ composed a song,” or “ poem.”

VI.

For what is he with haughty stile
 Such deeds of honour could contrive ?
 No not the learned great Virgile,
 If that on earth he were alive :

VII.

That could reveal, in volume short,
 Great Howard's Deeds who did excel ;
 Tho' lovely print make no report
 Fame would not fail the same to tell.

VIII.

Or thou O * Stanley, wond'rous man !
 Thou son of Mars ? who can proclaim
 Thy matchless deeds ? tell me who can
 Paint thy just praise on wings of fame ?

Spencer has used the same word to denote a "strain of music:" see his poem. *Colin clouts come home again*, where he says,

The shepherd of the ocean——i. e. Sir Walter Raleigh.

*Provoked me to play some pleasant Fitt.
 And when he heard the music which I made,
 He found himself full greatly pleas'd at it, &c.*

* Sir Edward Stanley made a solemn declaration before he went to this battle, that if he returned victorious, he would do something to the honour of God; and accordingly on his return he began to build the magnificent CHAPEL of HORNBY; the Steeple being an Octagon of hewn stone of an extensive height, with six bells; the Chancel of the like stone with divers figures thereon, and the roof covered with lead. An Eagle cut in stone with an inscription in roman text, "Edwardus Stanley, Miles, Dominus Montengle, Me fieri fecit." He dying before it was perfected, the parish finished the body of the Chapel, which is of inferior work.

IX.

Thy doleful day-work still shall be
 In Scotland curs'd with an outcry,
 For Hector's match this man was he,
 Who climb'd the mount of Flodden high.

X.

What banners bravely blaz'd and borne,
 What standards stout brought he to ground,
 What doughty lords by him forlorn,
 What grief in Scotland yet doth sound!

XI.

Ye heav'nly powers your aid I crave,
 My sleeping muse help to awake,
 That of this work in hand I have
 A fine and lucky end I make.—

XII.

Before king Henry cross'd the seas,
 And ere to France he sent his fleet,
 He thought the Scots might him disscise
 With constituted captains meet.

XIII.

Wherefore lest they should work some teen,
 As they thought to have done indeed;
 He left his realm unto his queen,
 For to be rul'd as there was need.

XIV.

Then for the earl of Surrey sent,
 And regent of the north him made,
 And bade him—"If the Scots were bent
 "The northern borders to invade.

XV.

"That he should raise a royal band
 "I'th Bishoprick and in Yorkshire,

" In Westmorland and Cumberland,
 " In Cheshire and in Lancashire.

XVI.

" And if thou need Northumberland,"
 Quoth he, " There be strong men and stout,
 " That will not stick, if need there stand,
 " To fight on horseback or on foot.

XVII.

" There is the valiant Dacres old,
 " Warden of the west march is he,
 " There are the Bowes's of Kendal bold
 " Who fierce will fight and never flee."

XVIII.

He knew that English kings they fought;
 And by what might they were control'd;
 Much more he in their absence thought,
 What damage had been done of old :

XIX.

" Then a Sir Edward Stanley stout,
 " For martial skill clear without make,
 * " Of Lathom house by line came out,
 " Whose blood will never turn their back.

* OF LATHOM HOUSE by line came out.

This family is originally from Cheshire but removed hitherto upon this occasion: Sir John Stanley married the sole heiress of sir Thomas de Lathom, and had with her this seat and a large estate belonging to it; to which he, upon his marriage, removing, made so many additions, that with what his successors built afterwards, it became the principal seat of the family. This House is famous for a siege of two years continuance maintained by Charlotte, countess of Derby against the parliament forces, who were forced to leave it untaken tho' afterwards they became masters of it, and laid it almost level with the ground, the heroic Lord of it being beheaded at Bolton, Oct. 15th, 1651.

It of late years became the property of Sir Thomas Bootle, who rebuilt the House in an elegant manner; and is now occupied by R. Wilbraham Bootle, Esq; the owner of that lordship.

FLODDEN FIELD.

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XX.

" All Lancashire will live and die
" With him, so chiefly will Cheshire ;
† " For thro' his father's force," quoth he,
" This kingdom first came to my sire.

XXI.

" Lord Clifford too, a lusty troop
" Will there conduct, a captain wise ;
" And with the lusty knight lord Scroop
" The pow'r of Richmondshire will rise.

XXII.

" The Wardens all look that you warn
" To hearken what the Scots forecast ;
" And if they signs of wars discern,
" Bid them the beacons kindle fast."

XXIII.

The earl then sigh'd with sorry heart,
And drown'd his face with trickling tears;
When from his prince he did depart,
And from his royal country peers.

XXIV.

" Grant thou," quoth he, " almighty God !
" A shameful death that he may die,
" That is the cause of mine abode,
" Bereav'd of my king's company."

B 5

† For thro' his FATHER'S FORCE, &c.

This was Thomas Stanley the first earl of Derby of that family, who built Greenhaugh Castle, near Garstang, Lancashire, for his defence against certain of the nobility from whom he had great apprehensions of danger because, being outlawed, King Henry the VII. had given him their estates: for they made several attempts upon him, and frequently made inroads into his grounds; but at last he pacified all their animosities and discontents by his prudent behaviour towards them.

XXV.

Some thought to th' king of Scots that he
Did wish such sad untimely fate,
And some, to the earl of Derby,
With whom he had a great debate.

XXVI.

The earl did then his tenants all
In musters fair and brave elect;
And on his way by journeys small
To Pomfret castle did direct.

XXVII.

Then sent he sir William Bulmer,
And bid him on the borders lie,
With ordnance good and other geer,
Each house of fence to fortify.

XXVIII.

He bade him call the borderers bold,
And hold with them in readiness,
And tell him, with what speed he could,
If that the Scots meant his distress.

XXIX.

Then caus'd he watch in ev'ry street,
And posts to run thro' downs and dales;
So what was wrought he knew of it,
From Carlisle to the coast of Wales.

XXX.

When flying fame, that monst'rous wight,
With hundred wings was nimbly flown,
And in the court of Scotland light;
Then all abroad was blaz'd and blown,

XXXI.

Of great King Henry's enterprise;
And how he forc'd was into France,

FLODDEN FIELD.

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With all his peers in princely wise,
To bring that land to compliance.

XXXII.

England to overrun with rage
The Scots then meait, as was their guise
Still as the king was under age,
Or occupied some otherwise.

XXXIII.

King James's courage did increase
And of his council crav'd to know,
If he had better live in peace,
Or fight against his Bro'-in-law.

XXXIV.

"Alas!" said he, "my heart is sore,
"And care constraineth me to weep,
"That ever I to England-swore
"A league of love one day to keep.

XXXV.

"Had I not enter'd in that band,
"I swear now by this burnish'd blade,
"England and Scotland both one land
"And kingdom too I could have made,

XXXVI.

"That realm we soon should overrun;
"That England, when this age is past,
"As to our elders they have done,
"Should homage do to us at last."

XXXVII.

Then stood there up a baron stout,
The lusty lord of Douglas blood:
"My liege, quoth he, have you no doubt,
"But mark my words with mirthful mood,

XXXVIII.

- "The league is broke, no doubt you need;
 "Relieve, my liege, my words are true;
 * "What was the English admiral's deed
 "When Andrew Barton bold he slew?

* *What was the English admiral's deed,
 When Andrew Barton bold he slew?*

I cannot give a better relation of the fact here alluded to by lord Douglas, than in an extract from a very elegant work lately offered to the public.—
 See Mr. Guthrie's new Peccage, 4to. vol. I. p. 22.

"The transaction which did the greatest honour to the Earl of Surrey and his family at this time, (A. D. 1511.) was their behaviour in the case of Barton a Scotch sea-officer. This gentleman's father having suffered by sea from the Portuguese, he had obtained letters of Marque, for his two sons to make reprisals upon the subjects of Portugal. It is extremely probable, that the court of Scotland granted these letters with no very honest intention. The council-board of England, at which the earl of Surrey held the chief place, was daily pestered with complaints from the sailors and merchants, that Barton, who was called sir Andrew Barton, under pretence of searching for Portuguese goods, interrupted the English navigation. Henry's situation at that time rendered him backward from breaking with Scotland, so that their complaints were but coldly received. The earl of Surrey, however, could not smother his indignation, but gallantly declared at the Council-board, that while he had an estate that could furnish out a ship, or a son that was capable of commanding one, the narrow seas should not be infested—sir Andrew Barton, who commanded the two Scotch ships, had the reputation of being

XXXIX.

" Your ships and armour too he took,
" Since when their king did nothing fear,
" To send his aid against the duke
" Of Gueldres, your own cousin dear.

one of the ablest sea officers of his time. By his depredations, he had amassed great wealth, and his ships were very richly laden. Henry notwithstanding his situation could not refuse the generous offer of the earl of Surrey. Two ships were immediately fitted out, and put to sea with letters of marque, under his two sons, sir Thomas (called by old historians lord Howard, afterwards created earl of Surrey, in the life-time of his father, who after the famous victory of FLODDEN FIELD was raised to the dignity of duke of Norfolk) and sir Edward Howard.

After encountering a great deal of foul weather, sir Thomas came up with the Lion, which was commanded by sir Andrew Barton in person; and sir Edward Howard came up with the Union, Barton's other ship, (called by Hall, the bark of Scotland). The engagement which ensued was extremely obstinate on both sides; but at last the fortune of the Howards prevailed.

Sir Andrew Barton was killed fighting bravely and encouraging his Men with his whistle, to hold out to the last; and the two Scotch ships with their Crews, were carried into the river Thames. Aug. 2, 1511.

This exploit had the more merit, as the two English commanders were in a manner volunteers in the service, by their father's order. But it seems to have laid the foundation of sir Edward's fortune; for on the seventh of April, 1512, the king constitu-

XL.

"Hath not the Bastard Hearon slain
 "Your warden, with his spiteful spear?
 "The league and peace therefore are vain;
 "My liege, you nothing have to fear.

XLI.

Then manful Maxwell answer'd soon,
 "My liege the league is broke by right:
 "For th' English king ought not to've gone
 "Against your friend in France to fight.

XLII.

"Have you in league not enter'd late
 "With Lewis chosen the French king?
 "And now you see what great debate
 "Betwixt the king and him doth spring.

XLIII.

"What greater kindness could you shew
 "Unto your friend the king of France,

ted him, (according to Dugdale) admiral of England, Wales, &c.

King James insisted upon satisfaction for the death of Barton and capture of his ships; tho' Henry had generously dismissed the crews, and even agreed that the parties accused might appear in his court of admiralty by their attorneys, to vindicate themselves."

This affair was in a great measure the cause of the battle of FLODDEN—as the anonymous author of this poem painfully intimates—in which James the IV lost his life.

The excellent old Ballad recording the above transactions, well deserves, in my opinion, to be made an appendix to this poem.

"Than in English blood your blade imbrue,
"Against their land to lift your lance.

XLIV.

"You know what hurt to you was done
"By English kings in times of old
"Your borders burn'd and Barwick town-
"Still by strong hand they from you hold.

XLV.

"Wherefore more time let's not consume,
"But fiercely fight that land again."
And then stood up the proud lord Hume,
Of Scotland the chief Chamberlain.

XLVI.

"My liege," quoth he, "in all your life,
"More lucky fate could never fall;
"For now that land, with little grief,
"Unto your crown you conquer shall.

XLVII.

"For England's king, you understand,
"To France is past with all his peers;
"There's none at home left in the land,
"But jolt-head monks and brusten freers.

XLVIII.

"Or ragged rustics without rules;
"Or priests prating for pudding shives.
"Or milners madder than their mules;
"Or wanton clerks waking their wives.

XLIX.

"There's not a lord left in England,
"But all are gone b'yond the sea;
"Both knight and baron with his band,
"With ordnance and artillery."

L.

The king then call'd to De-la-mount,
 Whom Bodward out of France did bring;
 Quoth he, " The noble's names pray count,
 " That are encamp'd with th' English king."

LI.

" That will I do, my liege, quoth he,
 " As many as I have at heart:
 " First, there's the great earl of Derby,
 " With one that's call'd the lord Herbert."

LII.

" There is an earl of antient race,
 " Plum'd up in proud and rich array;
 " His bunner casts a glittering grace,
 " A half-moon in a golden ray."——

LIII.

" That is the noble Piercy, plain,
 " The king did say, and gave a stamp,
 " There is not such a lord again,
 " No not in all king Henry's camp."——

LIV.

" There is a lord that bold doth bear
 " A Talbot brave, a burley tike;
 " Whose father struck France so with fear,
 " As made poor wives and children skrike."

LV.

——The king then answer'd at a word,
 That is the earl of Shrewsbury——
 " There is likewise a lusty lord,
 " Which called is the fam'd Darcy."

LVI.

" There is Dudley and De-la-war,
 " And Decroyhight, great lords three,

" The duke of Buckingham is there,
 " Lord Gobham and lord Willowbye.

LVII.

" There is the earl of Essex gay,
 " And Stafford stout, earl of Wiltshire;
 " There is the earl of Kent, lord Gray,
 " With haughty Hastings, hot as fire.

LVIII.

" There is the marquis Dorset brave,
 " Fitzwater and Fitzley, lordes great;
 " Of doughty knights, the lusty lave,
 " I never could by name repeat.

LIX.

" There is a knight of th' north country
 " Who leads a lusty clump of spears,
 " I know not what his name may be,
 " A boist'rous bull all black he bears." —

LX.

Lord Hume then answer'd loudon hight,
 " The same is sir John Nevil bold;
 " Henry hath not so hardy a knight
 " In all his camp, my coat I'll hold.

LXI.

" He doth maintain, without all doubt,
 " The earl of Westmorland's estate;
 " I know of old his stomach stout.
 " In England is not left his mate." —

LXII.

The king then ask'd his lords all round
 If war or peace they did prefer;
 They cried and made the Hall to sound,
 " Let peace go back, and let's have war.

LXIII.

" Our Armour is for usage marr'd,
 " Both helmet, habergeon and crest ;
 " Our starting nags in stable sparr'd,
 " Are waxen wild with two much rest.

LXIV.

" Our staves that were both tall and straight,
 " Wax crooked and are cast eachwhere ;
 " Wherefore in England let's go fight,
 " Our booties brave from them to bear."

LXV.

King James rejoiced then to see
 His lords so lively hearts to have,
 And to their words did soon agree,
 Compl'ing to their pleasures brave.

LXVI.

To Lion, king at arms, he cry'd,
 And took to him a letter broad ;
 Quoth he, " no longer look thou byde
 " But towards France soon take thy road."

LXVII.

" To Turwin town take thou thy way,
 " And greet well my Brother-in-law ;
 " And bid him there no longer stay,
 " But homeward to his country draw.

LXVIII.

" And bid him cease his furious force
 " Against my friend the king of France ;
 " For fear domestic wars prove worse,
 " And make from me full defiance.

LXIX.

" And summon him soon to return,
 " Lest that our pow'r we ply apace ;

FLODDEN FIELD.

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" With fire and sword We beat and burn
" His men and land, in little space."

LXX.

The Lion made him boun lightly,
And with his coat of arms bedeckt
He hail'd up sail right hearty,
And towards France his course direct.

FIT THE SECOND.

I.

MEAN while the king did letters write,
Which swiftest post did nimble bear,
To all his lords which had delight
With him in England arms to wear.

II.

Then every lord and knight each where,
And barons bold in musters met;
Each man made haste to mend his geer,
And some their rusty pikes did whet.

III.

Some made a mell of massy lead,
Which iron all about did bind;
Some made strong helmets for the head,
And some their grisly gisarings grind.

IV.

Some made their battle-axes bright,
Some from their bills did rub the rust;
Some made long pikes and lances light,
Some pikeforkes for to join and thrust.

V.

Some did a spear for weapon weild,
 Some did their lusty geldings try ;
 Some all with gold did gild their shield,
 Some did with divers colours dye.

VI.

The Tillmen rough, their teams could take,
 And to hard harness them conflate ;
 One of a share can shortly make
 A sallat, for to save his pate.

VII.

Dame Ceres did unserv'd remain,
 The fertile fields lay all untill'd ;
 Outrageous *Mars* so sore did reign,
 That Scotland was with fury fill'd.

VIII.

Therefore the king, in heart full fain
 His men had all things ready made,
 Did then command his chamberlain
 In England straight to make a road.

IX.

The chamberlain lord Hume in hast,
 —Marsh-warden he o'er th' east also—
 Within the English borders brast
 With full eight thousand men or mo.

X.

And entering Northumberland,
 With banners bravely blaz'd and borne;
 And finding none them to withstand,
 Did straight destroy both hay and corn.

XI.

They spoil'd and ravag'd all abroad,
 And from each quarter booties brought,

The coarser loons got geldings good,
And droves of kine and cattle caught.

XII.

What stately towns and houses gay,
And buildings brave they boldly burn'd,
And with a mighty spoil and prey
They toward Scotland straight return'd.

XIII.

Sir William Bulmer being told
Of this great read and wild affray,
Did straight forecast all means he could
The Scots in their return to stay.

XIV.

Two hundred men himself did lead,
To him there came the borderers stout,
And divers gentlemen, with speed,
Repair'd to him with all their rout.

XV.

They were not all a thousand men,
But knowing where the Scots would come,
The borderers best their course did ken,
And hid them in a field of broom.

XVI.

The Scots came scowring homewards fast,
And proudly prickt forth with their prey;
Thinking their perils all o'erpast,
They straggling ran clear out of * ray.

XVII.

The Englishmen burst out apace,
And skirmish'd with the Scots anon :

* Array, or line of battle.

There was fierce fighting face to face,
And many geldings made to groan.

XVIII.

There men-might see spears fly in speels,
And tall-men tumbling on the soil;
And many a horse turn'd up his heels,
Outrageous *Mars* kept such a coil.

XIX.

The Scots their strength did long extend,
And broken ranks did still renew,
But th' English archers in the end
With arrow-shot full sore them slew.

XX.

The English spears on t'other side
Amid the Scots did fiercely fling—
Quite thro' their ranks did rattling ride,
And chase them thro' moss, mire and ling.

XXI.

Lord Hume, sore vext at this Mischance,
Seeing his Host all put to flight;
Did, with the foremost, forth advance,
But happy in his horse so light.

XXII.

For Prickers him so nigh pursued
His banner-bearer down they bet,
And all the spbil and prey rescued,
Beside a sort of geldings get.

XXIII.

Six hundred Scots lay slain on ground,
Five hundred prisoners and more:
Of Englishmen, slain in that stound,
The number was not past threescore.

XXIV.

'Twas *August* when this broil befell;
The day, still black with Scottish blood,
As divers old men yet can tell,
The Scots called it the *DEVILISH ROAD*.

XXV.

Thus while the Scots both near and far,
Where thro' all Scotland occupied;
In framing weapons fit for war,
And mustering men on every side.

XXVI.

By this time came the herald sent,
Before the Town of *Torwin* high;
There to king *Henry* soon he went,
And lowting low upon his knee.

XXVII.

The King he reverently did greet,
And took to him his letters large:
His master's mind he let him weet,
And did his message whole discharge.

XXVIII.

The letters soon were look'd upon,
And in *King Henry's* sight perus'd;
King James's mind he knew full soon,
And found himself most sore abus'd.

XXIX.

Who summon'd him his siege to cease,
And *eke* those wars he took in hand;
Or else he with a mighty * prese
Would straight invade his native land.

* Press.

XXX.

King Henry's heart began to rise,
 And to the Herald hot did say :
 "Thy master thus I did surmise
 "Would in our absence partly play.

XXXI.

"Indeed he doth not now digress
 "From his old predecessors brave ;
 "But if he do my land distress,
 "I hope he welcome hard shall have.

XXXII.

"For in my land I left a lord,
 "Who aiding of my *Royal Queen*,
 "Will stay your prince at point of sword,
 "And turn such truthless guests to * *teen*.

XXXIII.

"Let him not deem so destitute
 "My land of lords and valiant knights ;
 "For if he dare to prosecute,
 "He there shall find some warlike wights :

XXXIV.

"Who'll shed for me their purple gore,
 "And all his streaming standards rent ;
 "Will send upon him many a show'r
 "Of arrows, e'er he pass the Trent.

XXXV.

"For since he perjur'd now doth prove,
 "And doth so small esteem his oath ;
 "Our siege we will not cease to move,
 "Let him be ne'er so mad of wrath.

Grief.

XXXVI.

" But here a valiant vow we make ;
 " That whensoe'er we shall return,
 " All Scotland we'll harrass and sack ;
 " And never cease to spoil and burn.

XXXVII.

" Nor ever peace with him contrive ;
 " Nor ever league or union make ;
 " While one false Scot is left alive,
 " And till the land he brought to * wreck."

XXXVIII.

Then he to th' king of Scots did write
 His answer, quite devoid of fear :
 " That he, for all his ire and spite
 " In France would prosecute his war."

XXXIX.

Then gave it to the Herald's hand
 Together with a rich reward ;
 Who hasted to his native land,
 To see how with his king it far'd.

XI.

But while he waited for the wind,
 And for his ship did things ordain ;
 For all his haste he came behind,
 He never saw his prince again.

XLI.

† Henry anon the Scottish bill
 Unto the earl of Surrey sent ;
 To Pomfret, where he stayed still,
 And bade him be for battle bent.

B 2

* Wreck or Ruin. † King Henry.

FLODDEN FIELD.

XLII.

The earl all things 'gan to provide,
 The Scots king's purpose to resist ;
 And thro' all Scotland far and wide,
 All that was done straightway he wist.

XLIII.

For the *Lord Dacres* did perceive
 The Scot's intentions manifest ;
 Their meetings, and their musters brave ;
 And daily ridings without rest.

XLIV.

The *sooth* whereof he sent straightway,
 And told the earl of Surrey's Sage,
 That time was not to make delay,
 But soldiers soon to list and wage.

XLV.

Soon as the earl this understood,
 His letters forthwith did address
 Unto each Man of noble blood,
 " To have their men in readiness ;

XLVI.

" And *eke* what numbers they could make
 " Of warlike wights all well arrayed."
 Then with sir Philip Tilney spake,
 How that their wages might be paid.

XLVII.

And after for ordnance he sent
 Unto sir Nicholas Appleyard ;
 Which to his bidding soon was * bent,
 And towards him apace prepared.

* Prepared.

XLVIII.

With culverings and curtals great,
And double cannons two or three;
He brought them on by stee and street,
To Durham in the north country.

XLIX.

That done, the earl dispatches wrote
Unto each castle, fort and hold;
That they should furnish them with shot,
And fortify their bulwarks bold.

L.

Which answer'd all with stomachs stout,
And every captain with his crew;
That they would beat the Scots quite out,
Till Henry came to their rescue.

LI.

Which answer of the captains keen,
Earl Surrey greatly did delight,
But this while what the Scots did mean,
And what king James, I will recite.

LII.

For after he to's Brother-in-law,
Defiance into France had sent;
His nobles all to him did draw,
Well busked and for battle bent.

LIII.

When they were all assembled sam,
The town of Edinb'rough before;
Fifty great lords there were of fame,
With barons bold besides great store.

LIV.

And Prelates proud a populous lave,

And abbots boldly there were boun,
 With bishop of St. Andrews brave,
 Who was King James's bastard son.

LV.

Surely 'twas an unseemly sight!
 Contrary to our christian laws,
 Of prelates dress'd in armour bright,
 And fighting in a wicked cause.

LVI.

Are these the Scots religious rules?
 Who taught their priests such pranks perverse?
 To march forth muster'd on their mules,
 And soldier-like to sue *God Mars*?

LVII.

The messenger of *Christ*, St. *Paul*,
 Taught them to shoot at no such prick;
Peter, nor *Christ's* Apostles all,
 E'er taught them any such a trick.

LVIII.

Their Patron so did not them learn,
 Saint Andrew with his *Shored Cross*;
 But sure St. Triman of Quithorne,
 Or *Daffin*, their *Demi God* of *Ross*.

LIX.

This *Bishop* bold, this *Bastard* blest,
 With other Bishops in his band;
 And Abbots *eke*, bold as the best,
 For Beagle-rods, took Bills in hand.

LX.

And every lord with him did lead
 A mighty band for battle prest,
 All which in number did exceed
 A hundred thousand men at least.

LXI.

King James for joy began to jet
So huge an army to behold;
Then soon he bade them forward set
And *eke* blaze out his banners bold.

LXII.

Each lord march'd on then with his band,
And every captain with his crew,
While *minstrels* mirthed all the land,
And brazen trumpets loud up blew :

LXIII.

Then drums struck up with hideous sound,
And banners bravely waved wide;
Men might no where behold bare ground,
But soldiers arm'd on every side.

LXIV.

His ranks amidst there rode the *King*,
On stately steed which stoutly stamp'd,
A goodly sight ! to see him fling,
And how his foamy bits he champ'd.

LXV.

King James thus gorgeously 'gan ride,
Great pleasure to his peers to see;
So rode this prince puffed up with pride,
His lofty heart beat but too high.

LXVI.

Who thought himself able enough,
With such a mighty multitude,
All Europe then for to pass through,
And that no hold could him exclude.

LXVII.

Nor any king in *Christendom*,
In field to meet him was of might;

No not great *Julius* of *Rome*,
Had been of force with him to fight.

LXVIII.

Nor *Hercules*, nor *Hannibal*,
The *Soldan Sophy*, nor the *Türk*;
None of the mighty monarchs all;
Such lusty blood in him did lurk.

LXIX.

But yet for all his armed host,
And *&c* for all his haughty heart;
Full soon abated was his boast,
When brought to *LONDON* in a cart.

LXX.

'Twas in the midst of harvest tide,
The two and twentieth of August,
That this proud prince, puffed up with pride,
Into the English borders burst.

. FIT THE THIRD.

I.

WHERE piles he pulled down apace,
And burly buildings brought to ground;
The Scots like grooms void of all grace,
Or soldiers sacred to * *Mahound*.

II.

Fair matrons they did force each where,
And ravish'd maidens fair and mild;
And houses burnt and bent up gear,
And murther'd many a man and child.

* *Mahomet*.

III.

For so the king commanded had,
 To waste and spoil with fire and flame :
 And rifling so by journies * rade,
 † To Norham Castle straight they came.

* Rode.

† TO NORHAM CASTLE straight they came.

"While this island was divided into two kingdoms, England and Scotland, who were almost always at war with one another, or making in times of peace, mutual inroads and depredations, the castle of Norham, being so very near the borders, was of very great service for the defence of the English, and often attacked by the Scots, so that the kings of England not only kept it fortified, but made men of the surest fidelity and trust governors of it. In the reign of king Henry VIII. tho' the Scots had but bad success under the lord Humes—as has been already recited—in a place called Mitfield, where sir William Bulmer by an ambush routed 8000 Scots with 1000 English, yet they again assembled their whole power, and under the command of their king James IV. invading the northern borders, laid siege to the castle of Norham, having with him 100,000 men. Six days they battered the castle with their ordnance, and in the end had the castle surrendered to them, because the captain or governor, having been too liberal of his shot and powder at first, had at length none left, and so yielded up the castle because he could make no resistance. However they enjoyed it but a very little while, for the earl of Surrey, lieutenant of the northern parts, soon got together an army, of 26,000 men, and forced the Scots presently to leave Norham, and pursuing them at length drew them to an engagement, and having vanquished them slew their king and many thousands of his army."

"This battle was fought at Bramxton in Northumberland; and the victory obtained thereby over the Scots was so acceptable to king Henry, that being returned from France where he also had conquered Turwin and Tournay, that he created the earl of Surrey duke of Norfolk, augmenting his arms with those of Scotland, and lord Howard his son earl of Worcester."

See survey of Northumberland upon the word Norham, from whence the above historical account is taken.

IV.

Which soon with siege he did beset,
 And trenches digg'd without delay ;
 With bombard shot the walls he bet,
 And to assault it did assay.

V.

The Governor with courage stout
 His fortress fiercely did defend ;
 Alas ! too lewdly he lash'd out,
 And foolishly his ordnance spend.

VI.

His powder did profusely waste,
 And hail'd out arrows every hour ;
 So that he *lack'd* at the last,
 What should have been his chief succour.

VII.

But yet five days he did defend,
 Tho' with hard 'saults they him assail'd ;
 And all their total strength extend ;
 Yet all their pow'r had not prevail'd.

VIII.

Had not a false and trait'rous *thief*,
 Appear'd *King James's* face before,
 Who in that hold had got relief
 The space of thirty years and more.

IX.

" I say," quoth he, "*King James* my liege ;
 " Your 'deavours here are all in vain,
 " For all your 'saults and hard besiege,
 " Of gun-shot here ye get no gain.

X.

" But what reward shall I receive,"
 Quoth he, " express and speak anon,

"And I shall let you plain perceive,
"How that this *Castle* may be won."

XI.

"If that to pass thou bring this can,"
——The *King* 'gan say where he did stand,——
"I shall make thee a gentleman,
"And living give thee in our land."

XII.

"Then first of all refuse this place,
"And down to yonder vallies draw;
"The walls so shall ye rent and raze,
"And with brief battery bring them low."

XIII.

Right as he said—the *King* did so,
And 'gainst the walls his ordnance bent;
And ere five piece' were shot or mo,
The walls were all in breaches rent.

XIV.

The *Governor* full sore agast,
Seeing the walls down rattling reel'd;
His weapons all away he cast,
And to *King James* simply did yield.

XV.

The Scots anon they scoured in,
And hied apace unto their prey;
Look, what was worth one point or pin,
Ye need not bid them bear't away.

XVI.

So when the *Castle* they had won,
And rifled every place and nook:
The *Traitor* came to th' *King* anon,
For his reward ready to look.

XVII.

The *King* then ask'd him *by* and *by*,
 Where he was born, and of what race;
 The false knave nothing did deny,
 But said a Scotchman born he was.

XVIII.

The *King* then ask'd him with words mild,
 How long time he had lodged there;
 Quoth he, "Still since I was a child,
 "A good deal more than thirty year."

XIX.

"Why," quoth the *King*, "hast thou thus wrought
 "Unto thy friends this frantick rage?
 "That in this *Castle* thee up brought,
 "And still have given thee meat and wage?"

XX.

"Now since thy faith is falsified
 "To them that gave thee meat and fee;
 "It is a token to be tried,
 "That thou wilt not prove true to *me*."

XXI.

"Therefore for this thy trait'rous trick
 "Thou shalt be hanged in a trice:
 "Hangman, quoth he, therefore be quick
 "The false *Loon* gains no better grace."

XXII.

What he had said fore-past was nought,
 But here his judgment merits praise;
 If he in all things had so wrought,
 Belike he had seen happier days.

XXIII.

By this time came the *Pricking Post*,
 And made earl Surrey understand;

How that the *King* with a great *host*,
Already enter'd had the land.

XXIV.

Which when the earl of Surrey knew,
It was but vain to bid him haste,
He sent to all his friends full true ;
That they their men should muster fast.

XXV.

That shortly from each neighbouring shire
On the first day of *September*,
Each Lord, each gentle Knight and 'Squire,
Unto Newcastle should repair.

XXVI.

Then with five hundred soldiers stout,
Himself set forth in fine array ;
And neither stint, nor staid his foot,
But straight to Durham took his way.

XXVII.

Where he devoutly did hear *Mass*
And worshipt God his maker dear ;
Then pray'd the Bishop of that place,
Saint Cuthbert's banner for to bear.

XXVIII.

Then straight he to Newcastle came,
Of *August* on the thirtieth day ;
Where many a nobleman of fame,
To him did draw without delay.

XXIX.

There Doughty Dacres did him meet,
And brought with him a burly band ;
Of warlike Wights right well replete,
From Westmorland and Cumberland.

XXX.

Sir Marmaduke Constable stout,
Attended with his seemly sons ;
Sir William Bulmer with his rout ;
Lord Clifford with his chopping guns.

XXXI.

Then from Newcastle 'gan he flit,
And took his way to Alnwick town ;
That weary men, with weather bit,
Might have the more easement and room.

XXXII.

Then might you see on every side,
The ways all fill'd with men of war ;
Here, silken streamers waving wide,
There, polish'd helms glist'ring afar.

XXXIII.

From Lancashire and Cheshire fast,
They to the lusty Stanley drew ;
From Hornby whereas he in haste,
Set forward with a comely crew.

XXXIV.

What banners brave before him blaz'd ?
The People mus'd where he did pass ;
Poor husbandmen were much amaz'd
And women wond'ring cried alas !

XXXV.

Young wives did weep in woful chear,
To see their friends in harness drest ;
Some rent their cloaths, some tore their hair,
Some held their babes unto their breast.

XXXVI.

There woful mothers mourning stood
Viewing their sons harness'd on horse,

And shouting shriek'd, when they forth rode,
And of their lives took little force.

XXXVII.

But who could plainly express with pen
What *Masses* said on hallowed stone ;
What *Prayers* of religious men,
What sacred service *eke* was done ?

XXXVIII.

That Stanley might come safe away
And *Victor* valiantly return :
The bells did sound a night and day,
And sacred fires bright did burn.

XXXIX.

Men with grey heads, drew to their beds,
And fast their prayers poured out ;
Old wives for woe did wag their heads,
And saints were sought on naked foot.

XL.

But Stanley over Stainmøre straight
Did pass, and resting there, did view
A banner brave, born up on height,
Where underwent a warlike crew.

XLI.

"What lusty troop is yon I see?"
Sir Edward Stanley did inquire :
A yeoman said—"It is I see,
* "Bryan Tunstal that bold esquire.

* Sir Bryan Tunstal being slain at FLODDEN FIELD, his Effigy in full proportion cut in stone lies over his body in the chancel of Tunstal Church ; near which in the ceiling is cut two Cocks crowing, being his Coat of Arms. His Mansion-house, Thurland Castle, being moated round, with draw-bridges, is now the property of Richard Toulmin North, Esq ; together with the extensive Lordship and Church Living.

FLODDEN FIELD.

XLII.

"For in his banner I behold
 "A cock curling as he would crow;
 "He brings with him his tenants bold,
 "An hundred men at least I trow."

XLIII.

Then said *the Stanley* where he stood,
 "Would *Christ* that he would take our part,
 "His clear and undefiled blood,
 "Good speed doth promise at my heart."

XLIV.

"Blaze out therefore I bid you soon;
 "The earl of Derby's banner brave;
 "Perchance with us he will be one,
 "When it in sight he shall perceive."

XLV.

But Tunstal took no heed that tide,
 Without saluting forth he went,
 Upon the valiant Howard's side,
 His faithful heart he fixed fast.

XLVI.

Then said *the Stanley* where he stood;
 "O doughty *lads* draw up your hearts;
 "Be not amazed in your mood;
 "For Tunstal will not take our parts."

XLVII.

"Set forward sirs,"—then did he say,
 "Unto the Howards let's make haste!"
 And being sore wearied with the way,
 At Alnwick they arrived at last.

XLVIII.

Whose coming greatly did rejoice
 The Earl and all his company;

Who but the *Eagle* bare the voice, *
With wings wapped as he would flee?

XLIX.

Whilst here their forces still increased;
The weather waxt both foul and wet;
With rain down rattling never ceased,
That ev'ry brook its banks o'erflet.

L.

Conflicting winds, blustering abreast,
Down rushing, day and night confound;
Which made the Earl full sore aghast
His son Lord Admiral should be drown'd.

LI.

Who had his parting promise plight,
Back to his father, if alive,
At Newcastle, with main and raight,
His fleet in merry 'ray to 'rive.

LII.

Which promise he did fully keep;
Sir *Neptune* did such favour shew;
And safely *him* and *his* brave fleet,
In happy *haven* did bestow.

LIII.

His soldiers blithe he set on land
And to his father fast he hied;
With warlike wights, a worthy band,
Two thousand men, at least, well tried.

LIV.

With captains courageous and keen,
At Alnwick they arrived at last;
Whom when earl Surrey's host had seen,
With sudden fear they were aghast.

* Of Stanley for ever.

LV.

Seeing their armour black as ink,
 Some said it was a Scottish band,
 And many did esteem and think,
 They were some force from foreign land.

LVI.

Some took their harness, some their horse,
 And forward fast address for fight;
 But when they saw St. *George's Cross*,
 And English arms borne up on height:

LVII.

They took it for some jolly crew
 Sent by their *King* from France that tide;
 The southern men the *sooth* soon know,
 And loud, *Lord Admiral*, they cried.

LVIII.

Who when the Earl of Surrey saw,
 He thanked *God* with heart so mild,
 And hands for joy to *Heav'n* did throw,
 His son was sav'd from waters wild.

LIX.

A merry meeting there was seen,
 For first they kist and then embrac'd;
 For joy the tears fell from their *eyen*;
 All forepast fears *were quite* defac'd.

LX.

Then caus'd the Earl each captain count
 Under their wings what soldiers were;
 Which done, the number did but mount
 To six and twenty thousand there.

LXI.

The Earl then call'd a council soon
 Of lords and captains brave and wise;

And how the battle might be done,
He bade them shew their best advice.

LXII.

Some said, too small their number was
To atchieve so great an enterprise;
Some counsel'd backward posts to pass
For aid, and cause the countries rise.

LXIII.

And from the south the *Queen*, some said,
A band of soldiers soon would send;
And will'd to stay; for whilcs they staid,
Their powers daily might amend.

LXIV.

Some said, the Scots would flee straightway;
Their powers daily would diminish;
Wherefore their counsel was to stay;
Thus the earl Surrey did admonish.

LXV.

Up starts the Admiral then in ire,
And stamping stood with stomach hot,
"Why sir!"—said he there to his sire—
"Hath cowardice lent you his coat?"

LXVI.

"Let ne'er *King Henry* bear for shame,
—That you should play the dastard's part:
"Nor e'er be blown by trump of fame,
"That you should bear a coward's heart."

LXVII.

"Hath not *King Henry* left you here,
"His Lieutenant to rule the land;
"Trusting that fiercely without fear,
"The scoulding Scots you would withstand?"

LXVIII.

- " Think on your Father's valiance.
 " How fierce he fought at BOSWORTH FIELD;
 " Till time that he by Stanley's lance
 " Pierc'd thro' the breast his life did yield ?

LXIX.

- " Would *God*,"—he cried,—“ my brother Howard
 " Where here alive this present Day !
 " Unnumber'd foes had ne'er made Edward
 " In camp here like a coward stay.

LXX.

- " What *royal* fame, what *high* renown,
 " Hath he left to his Line and Race;
 " What *ample* glory would him crown,
 " If life had lasted longer space !

LXXI.

- " The seas he did both sweep and scour;
 " No Pirate proud durst *pear in sight;
 " Not *Pirate John*, for all his pow'r;
 " That great renowned *Rhodian* Knight.

LXXII.

- " How oft the royal fleet of France
 " In conflict fierce by him was griev'd;
 " Had he but scap'd one fatal chance,
 " What worthy acts might he atchiev'd !

LXXIII.

- " No multitudes could him appal,
 " Nor numbers great his stomach *wage:
 " Great shame then would to us befall;
 " And to our offspring in each age;

LXXIV.

- " Our father's fame would soon be lost;
 " Their noble deeds be heard no more;

* . c. *Appear*.

" Our honour—like a flitting *Ghost*,
 " Once gone, our sons could ne'er restore.

LXXV.

" If we lie loit'ring here like *Loons*,
 " And do not fight you *Scots* again ;
 " For still we hear how *English Towns*
 " Are *sack'd*, and suckling babes are slain.

LXXVI.

" They daily pilfer every place,
 " And spoil the country uncontrol'd ;
 " Wherefore let's stay no longer space,
 " But now step forth with courage bold."

FIT THE FOURTH.

I.

THE earl of Surrey then replied,
 And to his warlike son did say ;
 " No bashfulness doth make me bide,
 " Nor stomach faint doth make me stay.

II.

" The cause is, for no cowardice
 " So long time here we make delay ;
 " But that I fear this enterprise
 " Will prove no childish sport or play.

III.

" Wise counsels then must be embrac'd
 " And let us careful think upon
 " Our *Cards*, them both to count and cast,
 " For great's the bus'ness to be done.

IV.

- " *Too bairdy oft good hap doth bizzard*;
 " *And over bold oft is not best*;
 * " *That prove I by my son sir Edward,*
 " *Who ever was too bold off Brest.*

V.

- " *He had been here alive this day,*
 " *If he with counsels wise had wrought*;
 " *But he was drown'd in Barcrumbs Bay*;
 " *Such end! his over-boldness brought.*

VI.

- " *My father at king Richard's *fiel**
 " *Under great Stanley's lance lay slain*;
 " *And I a captive there did yield*;
 " *Our manhood great got us this gain.*

* That prove I by my SON SIR EDWARD, &c.

The fact alluded to in this and the following stanza, is thus related by Dr. Goldsmith, in his judicious abridgment of English History, 4 Vols. 8vo. vol. 2d. p. 324—"In the year 1513, a considerable fleet was equipped against France, and the command entrusted to Sir Edward Howard; who, after scouring the Channel for some time, presented himself before Brest, where the French navy lay, and challenged them to combat. As the French were unequal to the enemy, they determined to wait for a reinforcement, which they expected under the command of Prejeant de Bidoux, from the Mediterranean. But in this the gallant Howard was resolved to disappoint them; and, upon the appearance of Prejeant with six galleys, who had time to take refuge behind some batteries, which were planted on the rocks that lay on each side of him; he boldly rowed up with two galleys, followed by barges filled with officers of distinction. Upon coming up to Prejeant's ship, he immediately fastened upon it, and leaped on board, followed by one Carroz, a spanish cavalier, and seventeen Englishmen. The cable, mean while, which fastened both ships together, was cut by the enemy, and the admiral was thus left in the hands of the French; but as he still continued to fight with great gallantry, he was pushed over board by their pikes, and perished in the sea."

VII.

- " We might have 'scap'd that scurvy day,
 " If warning could our wits have bet
 " A friend of ours,—to cause us stay.—
 " Upon my father's gate had set.

VIII.

- * " *A certain scroll, whose scripture said ;*
 " *Jockey of Norfolk, be not so bold.*" —
 " And underneath this verse was laid ;—
 " *Dicon thy master is bought and sold.*"

IX.

- " *My father fighting fierce was slain,*
 " *King Richard 'reav'd of life and crown ;*
 " *Such goodly guerdon oft they gain,*
 " *Who rashly run to get renown.*

X.

- " And so the *Duke of York* was brought,
 " At Wakefield, to his fatal fall,
 " Who might have 'scap'd, if he had wrought
 " The counsel wise of *David Hall*.

XI.

- " I read of Conquerors and Kings,
 " For lack of counsel cast away ;
 " Now since at hand such danger hings,
 " W'have need our counsel well to *wcigb*.

* A CERTAIN SCROLL, &c.

The immortal Shakespear has introduced this circumstance in his Tragedy of Richard III. The duke of Norfolk after answering a question the King had put to him concerning the arrangement of the line of battle, adds, " This paper found I on my tent this morning;—Jockey of Norfolk," &c. to which the King only says in return,—" A thing devised by the enemy,"—and takes no farther notice of it.

FLODDEN FIELD.

XH.

- " 'Tis not that, I am *fraught* with fear ;
 " Nor for myself such *beed* I take ;
 " But for young *babes* and *infants* dear,
 " Which fathers sore I fear will lack.

XIII.

- " Such fortune falls thro' fights doubtless ;
 " Poor widows plenty shall be left,
 " And many a servant masterless,
 " And mothers of their sons bereft.

XIV.

- " This is the cause I counsel crave,
 " This is the cause I cast such doubts ;
 " I'd rather one *brave Soldier* save,
 " Than kill or slay a thousand *Scots*.

XV.

- " I can no kind of compass cast
 " But many a life there must be lost ;
 " And many a tall-man death must taste,
 " The *Scots* are such a mighty *Host*.

XVI.

- " The King himself is there present,
 " With all his Peers prepar'd for war ;
 " With Barons, Knights, and Commons bent,
 " A *hundred thousand men* they are.

XVII.

- " Put case our total English pow'r,
 " Were ready drest and made in *meat* ;
 " They at *meals two* would us devour ;
 " The Scottish army is so great.

XVIII.

- " Therefore be each man's mind exprest,
 " How that these *Scots* we may convince ;

" And how to pass this peril best,
 " And save the honour of our Prince ?"

XIX.

Then spake Sir *Edward Stanley* stout,
 —Fierce on the Earl he fixt his Eye—
 " What need have we thus for to doubt,
 " And be afraid of foes unseen ?

XX.

" Shall we lie loit'ring in this manner,
 " And still permit the Scots in rest ?
 " Fie ! let them see an English banner,
 " And our brave troops how seemly drest.

XXI.

" What tho' our foes be five to one ;
 " For that let not our stomachs fail ;
 " God gives the stroke when all his done ;
 " If it pleases him, we shall prevail.

XXII.

" If antient records we peruse,
 " Set forth by learned clerks of old ;
 " Which both of Christians, Pagans, Jews,
 " Plainly describe the battles bold.

XXIII.

" There may we certain see in sight,
 " Many a noble Prince and King,
 " With populous armies put to flight,
 " And vanquish'd by a little wing.

XXIV.

" With hundreds three Judge Gideon
 " The Midean Host, o'ercame in fight ;
 " And Jonathan, Saul's son, alone
 " The fierce Philistines put to flight.

XXV.

" So Judas Maccabeus the man,
 " Of foremost fame amongst all Knights;
 " Who can describe what fields he wan,
 " With handfuls small of warlike wights.

XXVI.

" The mighty Macedonian Prince,
 " With a small Puissance and Pow'r,
 " Darius' Host did all convince
 " Who for *one* was in number *four*.

XXVII.

" The great renowned Roman Peers,
 "—Their glorious praise shall never * blin,
 " Nor fame that daily fills men's ears—
 " Thro' numbers great did never win.

XXVIII.

" For Titus Livius doth protest,
 " The less their pow'r the more their gain;
 " When they were most they wan the least;
 " The greater press, more people slain.

XXIX.

" For lo! at *Cannæ's* fierce conflict
 " So many Nobles there were slain;
 " That bushels three there were collect
 " Of rings from dead-men's fingers drawn.

XXX.

" Fam'd Scipio with numbers small
 " Of warlike wights of lusty blood,
 " In field did rout great Hannibal
 " And burnt with fire his Carthage proud.

* i. e. Cease.

XXXI.

- " What farther need have I to seek
 " Of Christian Kings, their manful acts ?
 " So loudly fame doth record reeke
 " Of Henry with his famous facts.

XXXII.

- " All Europe yet afresh doth sound
 " Of his high Prowess : with report,
 " What standards stout brought he to ground,
 " With numbers small, at Agincourt.

XXXIII.

- " All France yet trembleth to hear talk,
 " What Nobles unto death were dight ;
 " Two thousand, besides vulgar folk,
 " Simplest of whom was Squire or Knight.

XXXIV.

- " He never stint from war and strife,
 " Till th' *Heir of France* he was proclaimed ;
 " If fate had lent him longer life,
 " His *English Laws* all *France* had framed.

XXXV.

- " Of Bedford *eke* his Brother John,
 " The Dauphin bet with a small band
 " Lord Talbot, with his name alone,
 " To tremble forc't all Gallic land.

XXXVI.

- * " The Earl of Richmond with small pow'r,
 " Of England wan both Realm and Crown ;

* The Earl of RICHMOND with small power, &c.

Five or six thousand according to our Historians, whereas the King's was above double the number ; but it may be observed, that Richmond's chief confidence lay in the friendship and se-

BLODDEN FIELD.

" At BOSWORTH, where the *raging Boar*.
 " With all his host was overthrown.

XXXVII.

" So, tho' the Scottish Host be great,
 " Let us not stint but them withstand;
 " In Battle bold we them shall beat,
 " For *God* will help us with his hand.

XXXVIII.

" If we in Field be fighting slain,
 " And be in battle brought to ground:
 " Unceasing praise then shall we gain,
 " And men unborn our fame resound.

XXXIX.

" The mem'ry of our great manhood,
 " Mongst Englishmen for aye shall last;
 " And straight for vengeance of our blood,
 " King *Henry* home from France will haste.

XL.

" Our Kinsfolk, and our Cousins free,
 " Will wreak our deaths with doleful dint;
 " Till time that they revenged be,
 " From sturdy strokes they will not stint.

cret assurances of lord Stanley, who, after the battle began, joined him with a body of seven thousand men, (who had till then stood neutral) and thus turned the fortune of the day.—This remarkable transaction in which all Historians agree will serve to account for that extraordinary praise bestowed on sir Edward Stanley, by King Henry VIII. in Fit first of this Poem, Stan-
 zas 19, 20. in the last of which he concludes,

" That thro' his Father's force," quoth he,
 " This kingdom first came to my Sire."

i. e. Henry the VII. his Father.

XXI.

- " Our Ghosts shall go to *God* on high,
 " Tho' Bodies vile to death be dight ;
 " In better cause we cannot die,
 " Than fighting for our country's right.

XLII.

- " Put case the lot light contrary ;
 " —As firm my faith is fixt it shall—
 " And we do gain the victory,
 " Good fortune then will us befall.

XLIII.

- " For if we give our foes the foil,
 " What worthy praise then shall we win !
 " What mighty prey, what plenteous spoil,
 " What pris'ners of a princely kin !

XLIV.

- " The Prince is there himself King *Jam*s,
 " With Prelates passing rich in pride :
 " Fifty great Lords there are of fame,
 " Great Barons, Knights, and 'Squires beside.

XLV.

- " Whose tents if standing they be found,
 " When fight is done, I do not fear,
 " But for ent'ring our English ground,
 " Their charges they shall pay full dear.

XLVI.

- " Such fate shall them befall I trust,
 " As Elders theirs have done before ;
 " Who into England * seld did burst,
 " But they were prest in battle sore.

D 3

* Seldom burst.

XLVII.

- * " Their mighty Mars, King *Malcolmy*,
 " Did valiantly this land invade ;
 " At Tinmouth he was forc'd to flee,
 " And slain was by an English blade.

XLVIII.

- † " King *David* unto Durham came,
 " Who with the Scots in pitched field,

* Their mighty Mars King MALCHOLMY.

This King Malcolm had barbarously plundered and ravaged the northern parts five-times, once in Edward the Confessor's days, twice in the Conqueror's, and twice in the reign of William Rufus, in the last of which invasions he met with his fate, by that just providence who often retaliates wrongs in the places where they were committed, as he found; for he was killed in Northumberland (where he had before slain and destroyed great numbers) along with his Son Edward Prince of Scotland, by Robert Mowbray earl of Northumberland, and is supposed to have been buried in the Old Church, of the Monastery of Tinmouth, the ruins of which are still to be seen in the Castle. —Boethius and Buchanan pretend the English owed their victory to a notorious treachery under a pretence of delivering up to Malcolm in person, the keys of Alnwick Castle, which he had reduced to extremity.

It is observable, that Malcolm had with him at this time a general called Walter, to whom, in reward of his service, he had given the office of steward or great master of his Household; for from this officer sprang (says Rapin) the family of the Stuarts who long awayed the scepter of Scotland, and for a century that of England.

† King DAVID unto Durham came.

When David Bruce King of Scots had laid all places waste with fire and sword as far as Beau-park or Beer-park near Durham; King Edward III. being then at the siege of Calais in France; Henry Percy, then earl of Northumberland, and William Touch, Arch-bishop of York, with such troops as they could raise of a sudden, encountered the Scots, and charged them with such heat and bravery, that they almost cut of their first and second battalions to a man, took the King himself prisoner, and put the third into such consternation, that they

" For all their pride, yet lost the game ;
 " King *David* there did captive yield.

XLIX.

" What need I farther mention make,
 " How in King *Henry* the fourth's days,
 " Earl Murray and the Lord Mordack,
 " Angus and Douglas prickt with praise ;

L.

" Did enter in Northumberland,
 " And murder'd men without mercy ;
 " Where they not bet by a small band,
 * " In battle by Sir Henry Percy ?

fled with all haste into their own country. This battle by us was called the Battle of *NEVIL'S CROSS*, and was the most fatal and bloody to the Scots, because they were forced to part with much of their country, and many of their castles into the hands of the English to redeem their King.

* " In Battle by Sir Henry Percy."

This was the second battle of *HALIDOWN-HILL* near *Berwick*, (the first fell out in 1333) where the two Armies met, the one headed by earl Douglas, and the other by the above Henry earl of Northumberland, attended by Henry Hotspur his Son, who was reckoned, (says Rapin) the bravest man in England. A bloody battle ensued, wherein the English were entirely victorious. The Scotch General lost an eye and fell into the hands of the Conquerors with the Earl of Fife, Nephew of the King of Scotland, the Earls of Angus, Athol, Monteith, and a great number of other officers of distinction. Buchannan, the Scottish Historian freely owns that,

" Ten thousand Scots in Field were slain."

This memorable event happened in 1402, and tho' it was thought so signal an advantage at first, yet it proved soon after in its consequences fatal to the Victors, principally in refusing obedience to King Henry's orders not to ransom their prisoners, as he intended to detain them in order to raise his demands in making peace with Scotland.

LI.

"The story saith, who list to look,
 "Ten thousand Scots in field were slain;
 "And through the valiant Percy's stroke,
 "Those Earls his captives did remain.

LII.

"Such luck I trust to our foes shall light,
 "And all that wars do raise in wrong;
 "Wherefore against them let us fight;
 "What shame we loiter here so long!

LIII.

"If any here persuaded be,
 "That we in battle shall be bet;
 "Cheshire and Lancashire, with me,
 "Shall give th' Scots the first onset."

LIV.

When this was said, *the Stanley* stout,
 —All silent—down did sit in place:
 The eyes of all the Lords about,
 Where fixt upon his valiant face.

LV.

His wisdom great, all wonder'd at,
 And his heroick proffer prais'd;
 Of these that would have linger'd late,
 Their courage keen was now uprais'd.

LVI.

So they that lately would have staid,
 Now foremost cried *forth to the field*;
 With one voice all Earl Surrey pray'd,
 That Stanley might the Vanguard weild.

LVII.

But on that side the Earl of Surrey
 Went deaf, for why, he would not hear:

For stirr'd up now with Stanley's glory,
His rancour old he did uprear.

LVIII.

* Quoth he, " the King's place I supply ;
" At pleasure mine all things shall bide ;"
Then on each Captain he did cry,
In presence to appear that tide.

LIX.

That done, straightway he did ordain,
His battle brief, on this same sort :
Whose order and array right plain,
With pen I shall make true report.

BIT THE FIFTH.

I.

FOR when Stanley, with stomach stout,
Did valiantly the vanguard crave ;
The old Earl Surrey sore did doubt,
That he too high honours would have ;

II.

If fortune good besel his part,
And he victorious should return :
—'Gainst Stanley's blood such hateful heart,
In Surrey's breast did boiling burn.

* Quoth he, " the King's place I supply."

King Henry had at his departure appointed him his lieutenant in the north of England ; with orders, if the Scots made any incursions, to raise the Militia of the Counties of Chester, Lancaster, Durham, Northumberland, Westmorland, and Cumberland. Hall, fol. 32. Rhymer's fed. Tom. 13. P. 375

III.

* Wherefore in foreward first of all,
 Chief Captain constituted he,
 His loving son Lord Admiral,
 With soldiers brave new come from sea.

IV.

Whom doughty Lords associated,
 With Barons bold and hardy Knights ;

* *Wherefore in forward, &c.*

The following account of the lines and order of battle of our antient Bard is exactly consonant with historic truth, at least if we will believe Dr. Goldsmith, who says,—“ The English divided their army into two lines; lord Howard led the main body of the first line; sir Edward Howard the right wing, and sir Marmaduke Constable the left; the earl of Surrey himself commanded the main body of the second line assisted by lord Dacres, and sir Edward Stanley, to the right and left.—The Scots on the other hand, presented three divisions to the enemy; the middle commanded by the King himself, the right by the earl of Huntley, and the left by the earls of Lenox and Argyle; a fourth division under the earl of Bothwell, made a body of reserve.”

Perhaps there is no harm in supposing that an Historian might have taken this account from our anonymous Bard; whose historical BALLAD, visibly composed soon after the time these events happened, was doubtless much handed about in *Manuscript*,—the present Copy which is now offered to the Public, having been taken from an old mutilated manuscript too defective in several places, tho' made up as well as possible by others of like sort, mutually compared with each other.

FLODDEN FIELD.

79

Lord Ogle chief of them—he led,
A lordly band of warlike wights.

V.

Next to Lord Admiral in field,
The lusty knight Lord Clifford went
Him had a shepherd's garb conceal'd,
While twice twelve years were gone and spent.

VI.

* For when his father at Wakefield,
York's Duke and *eke* his son had slain;
By friends in this wise he had seal'd,
Till Richmond's Earl began his Reign.

* *For when his FATHER at WAKEFIELD,
YORK'S DUKE and eke his SON had slain.*

This alludes to the battle of Wakefield, where the Duke of York's forces were routed by Queen Margaret, and himself slain fighting valiantly. The young earl of Rutland, his second son, not above twelve years of age, flying with his governor was over-taken, (says *Rapin*) by the Lord Clifford, who plunged his dagger into his breast, notwithstanding the earnest intreaties of his governor to spare the young Prince's life. The speech which *Shakespeare* puts into his mouth on that occasion pleading for mercy, is so eloquent and pathetic that I would not willingly omit it here. The great Poet introduces his Tutor moving in his behalf,

*Ab! Clifford murder not this innocent child,
Lest thou be bated both of God and Man.*

Upon which he is dragg'd off and Clifford exclaims,

*How now! is he dead already? or is it fear
That makes him close his eyes? I'll open them.*

VII.

Who him restored to all his right,
 And seated him in his sire's land ;
 Or else to death he had been dight,
 While th' House of York had the up-hand.

VIII.

Now, like a captain bold, he brought
 A band of lusty lads elect ;
 Whose curious coats cunningly wrought,
 With dreadful dragons were bedeckt.

IX.

From Penigent to Pendle-hill,
 From Linton to Longadingham ;

RUTLAND.

*So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch
 That trembles under his devouring paws ;
 And so he walks insulting o'er his prey,
 And so he comes to rend his limbs asunder.
 Ah ! gentle Clifford, kill me with thy sword,
 And not with such a cruel threatening look,
 Sweet Clifford, hear me speak before I die ;
 I am too mean a subject of thy wrath,
 Be thou reveng'd on men and let me live.*

CLIFFORD.

*In vain thou speak'st poor boy ; my father's blood
 Hath stop't the passage where thy words should enter.*

His father Thomas Lord Clifford, having been slain in the battle of St. ALBANS, by the Duke of York, this Lord Clifford (as Grafton says) swore he would not leave one branch of the York Line standing. He is said to have killed a great many with his own hand at the battle of WAKEFIELD.

And all that Craven coasts did till,
They with the lusty Clifford came.

X.

All Staincliffe hundred went with him,
With striplings strong from Whorledale;
And all that Hanton-hills did climb,
With Longstroth *eke* and Litton Dale.

XI.

Whose milk-fed fellows fleshly bred,
Well brown'd, with sounding bows * upbend,
All such as Horton fells had fed,
On Clifford's banner did attend.

XII.

Next whom Lord Lomly and Latimer,
Were equal match'd with all their pow'r;
With whom was 'nex'd their neighbour near,
† Lord Comis stout and stiff in stoure.

E

* Upbent.

† Lord Comis stout and stiff in Stoure.

Perhaps it should be read Conyers, who is said to have been joined with Lord Howard in the Vanguard, by the elder Historians—The Catalogue of Worthies in this memorable conflict, is by them ranged in the following order—"The Vanguard was led by the Lord Thomas Howard, who had with him the Lords Clifford, Conyers, Latimer, Scrope of Upsale, Lumley, Ogle; Sir Nicholas Appleyard, Sir William Sidney, Sir William Gascoyn, Sir Stephen Bull, Sir Henry Shirburn, &c. —The right Wing was commanded by Sir Edmund Howard, and the left by Sir Marmaduke Constable. The Rear was brought up by the Earl of Surrey himself, who was attended by the Lord Scrope of Bolton, Sir Philip Tinley, Sir George Darcy, Sir Thomas Barkley, Sir John Stanley, Sir John Willoughby, &c. the Lord Dacres, and Sir Edward Stanley, with their horse, being appointed as a reserve." But I am surprized not to find in this Poem, any mention made of Sir William Molineux, who flourished in King Henry the eighth's reign, was then a man

XIII.

With many a Gentleman and 'Squire,
 From Rippon, Ripley, and Ryedale;
 With them march'd forth all Massamahire,
 With Noisterfield and Netherdale.

XIV.

With Till-men, taught in harness, store,
 Which turn'd the furrows of Mitton-field;
 With Bill-men bold from Blackamore,
 Most warlike wights these Lords did wield.

XV.

Next whom was plac'd with all his pow'r
 Lord Scroop of Upsall, that brave Knight;
 Sir Stephen Bull, so stiff in stoure,
 Next him was match'd with all his might.

XVI.

Sir Walter Anstith, sage and grave,
 * Was with Sir Henry Sherburn bent,

of great command in the county of Lancaster, and brought a considerable strength to the assistance of the Duke of Norfolk at FLODDEN FIELD, where he behaved with such courage and success, that King Henry wrote a congratulatory letter to him, in which he thus speaks. "We have good cause to favour and thank you, and so we full heartily do, and assured may you be, that we shall in effectual wise remember your said service," &c. A circumstance which so much redounds to the glory and praise of this honourable family, well deserves to find a place here to compensate in some measure for the omission of their name in our poet's Catalogue of Worthies.

* Was with Sir Henry Sherburn bent.

The Sherburns were of the equestrian order in the reigns of Edward III. Edward IV. and Henry VII. when Sir Richard Sherburn was Knight of the Shire for the County of Lancaster; whose grandson it is recorded was knighted at twenty-one years of age, for his valour in fighting against the Scots—there is room to suppose that the above-said Henry had that honourable distinction conferred upon him after the battle of FLODDEN.

And under Bulmer's banner brave,
The Bishoprick of Durham went.

XVII.

Who ensued sir Christopher Ward,
With him Sir Edward Effingham ;
Next went Sir Nicholas Appleyard,
Sir Metham, Sidney, Averingham.

XVIII.

All these in foremost battle bore,
Right valiant wights, in Vanguard were ;
Seven thousand men, in all were told,
Simplest of whom bore bow or spear.

XIX.

The Earl then call'd Sir Edmund Howard,
And him *eftsoons* his marshal made ;
" My son," said he, " now soon set forward,
" With valiant heart the Scots invade.

XX.

" Chief Captain of the right-hand wing,
" To brother thine I thee ordain ;
" Full surely see thou serve the King,
" Employ thy pow'rs with might and main.

XXI.

" Of southern soldiers hundreds two,
" Under thy wing shall wend with thee ;"
A thousand thanks Sir Edmund true,
Did render to his father free.

XXII.

With him was match'd an equal Mate
Bryan Tunstal a trusty Squire ;
Whose stomach stout nought could abate,
Nor ought could 'snaue his bold desire.

FLODDEN FIELD.

XXIII.

The glory of his Grandsire old,
 The famous acts *etc* of his Sire;
 His blood untainted made him bold,
 And stirr'd his stomach hot as fire.

XXIV.

For when debate did first begin,
 And rancour rais'd most rueful work,
 And ruffling rul'd this realm within,
 'Twixt Lancaster and th' House of York.

XXV.

During which hurly-burly strife,
 Were murther'd many a mother's child;
 And many a Lord bereav'd of life,
 And noble house with blood defil'd.

XXVI.

But this man's father void of fear,
 While in this realm such ruffling was;
 To Henry sixth did still adhere,
 And for no pains would from him pass.

XXVII.

For he to York would never yield,
 For all the struggling stir and strife;
 Nine times he fiercely fought in field,
 So oft in danger was his life.

XXVIII.

And when the King was captive caught,
 And th' Earl of Warwick overthrown;
 To save his life best means be sought,
 And was in bark to Bretagne blown.

XXIX.

With th' Earl of Richmend he remain'd,
 And Lords of the Lancastrian line;

When th' Earl at length the garland gain'd,
And did fair England's empire win ;

XXX.

He render'd *Tunstal* all his right,
And knowing his pure blood unblam'd,
He *she* did cause this trusty Knight,
Undefil'd *Tunstal* to be nam'd.

XXXI.

Most fierce he fought at *THALLIAN FIELD*,
* Where *Martin Swart* on ground lay slain ;
Where rage did reign he never reel'd,
But like a rock did still remain.

XXXII.

This Hero came, amongst the rest,
To match his father in manhood :
For battle ready bent and prest,
With him a band of lusty blood.

XXXIII.

Next went Sir Bold and Butler brave,
Two lusty Knights of Lancashire ;
Then Barkerton bold, and Bygod grave,
With Warcap wild, a worthy 'Squire.

XXXIV.

Next Richard Cholmley and Christon stout,
With men of Hadfield and of Hull ;

E 3

* Where MARTIN SWART ON Ground lay slain.

He was a famous German Commander, sent over into England by the Dutchess of Burgundy with her Flemish Troops, to support the pretensions of her counterfeit plantagenet, Perkin Warbeck. He was slain in Stakefield with the Earl of Lincoln, Lord Lovel, &c. Swart Moor, near Ulverston, Lancashire, took its denomination from this German Commander encamping on it.

Lawrence of Dun with all his rout,
The people fresh with them did pull.

XXXV.

John Clartice then was 'nexed near,
With Stapylton of stomach stern;
Next whom Fitz-William forth did fare,
Who martial feats was not to learn.

XXXVI.

These captains keen, with all their might,
In right-hand wing did warlike wend;
All these, on Edmund Howard Knight,
The Earl his sire ordain'd t'attend.

XXXVII.

Then next the left-hand wing did wield
Sir Marmaduke Constable old;
With him a troop well tried in field,
And *eke* his sons and kinsfolk bold.

XXXVIII.

Next him Sir William Percy proud,
Went with the great Earl Percy's pow'r;
From Lancashire of lusty blood,
A thousand soldiers stiff in stoure.

XXXIX.

The Earl himself did undertake,
Of the * Rereward the Regiment;
Whom Barons bold did bravely back,
And southern soldiers seemly bent.

XL.

Next him in place was 'nexed near,
Lord Scroop of Bolton stern and stout;

* i. e. Rale.

On horseback who had not his Peer ;
No Englishman, Scots more did doubt.

XLI.

With him did wend all Wensleydale,
From Morton unto Moisdale-Moor ;
All they that dwelt on th' banks of Swale,
With him were bent in harness stour.

XLII.

From Weresdale warlike wights did wend,
From Bishop's-dale went bowmen bold ;
From Coverdale to Cotter-end,
And all to Kidston causeway cold.

XLIII.

From Mollerstang and Middleham,
And all from Mask and Middleconby ;
And all that climb the mountain Cam,
Whose crown from snow is seldom free.

XLIV.

With lusty lads and large of length,
Who dwelt at Seimerwater side ;
All Richmondshire, its total strength,
The lusty Scroop did lead and guide.

XLV.

Next when Sir Philip Tilney tall,
With him Sir Thomas Barkley brave,
Sir John Radcliffe in arms royal,
And *eke* Sir William Gascoin grave.

XLVI.

Next whom did pass, with all his rout,
Sir Christopher Pickering proud,
With Sir Bryan Stapylton stout ;
Two valiant Knights of noble blood.

XLVII.

Next with Sir *John Stanley* there yede
 The Bishop of Ely's servants bold ;
 Sir Lionel Percy *eke* did lead
 Some hundred men well tried and told.

XLVIII.

Next went Sir Mimham Markinfi,
 In armour coat of cunning work ;
 The next went Sir John Maundevill,
 With him the Citizens of York.

XLIX.

Sir George Darcy in banner bright
 Did bear a bloody broken spear ;
 Next went Sir Magnus with his might,
 And Chostance bold of lusty chear.

L.

Sir Guy Dawnic with his glorious rout,
 And then M'Dawhie's servants bold,
 Then Richard Tempest with his rout
 In rereward thus their 'ray did hold.

LI.

The right-hand wing, with all his rout,
 The lusty Lord Dacres did lead ;
 With him the Bowes of Kendal stout,
 With milk-white coats and crosses red.

LII.

All Keswick *eke* and Cockermouth,
 And all from Copeland's craggy hills ;
 All Westmorland, both north and south,
 Whose weapons were huge massy bills.

LIII.

All Carlisle *eke* and Cumberland,
 They with Lord Dacres proud did pass ;

FLODDEN FIELD.

69

From Branton, and from Broughly sands,
From Graystone, and from Ravenglass.

LIV.

With striplings strong from Stainmoor side,
And Austin Moor-men marched keen;
All those that Gilsland-Grave did hide,
With horseman light from Hesham-Leaven.

LV.

All these did march in Dacre's band,
All these ensu'd his banner broad;
No lustier Lord was in the land,
Nor more might boast of birth and blood.

LVI.

Many strong houses, huge of height,
Were all his own to give or sell;
Fair Baronages—his birthright,
For heritage to him befell.

LVII.

These royal Lords thus 'ray did hold,
With ranges, ranks, and warlike wings;
But yet the man is left untold,
On whom the matter wholly hings.

LVIII.

Whose worthy praise and prowess great,
Whose glorious fame shall never blin;
Nor Neptune ever shall forget
What land he hath left to his kin.

LIX.

Sir *Edward Stanley* stiff in stoure,
He is the man of whom I mean;
With him did pass a mighty pow'r,
Of soldiers seemly to be scan.

FLODDEN FIELD

LX.

Most lively lads in Lonsdale bred,
 With weapons of unwieldy weight ;
 All such as Tatham's-Fells had fed,
 Went under *Stanley's* streamer bright,

LXI.

From Bowland billmen bold were boun,
 With such as Botton-Banks did hide ;
 From Wharemore up to Whittington,
 And all to Wenning Water Side.

LXII.

From Silverdale to Kent-Sand Side,
 Whose soil is sown with Cockle-shells ;
 From Cartmel *eke* and Conny-side
 With fellows fierce from Furnace-fells.

LXIII.

All Lancashire for the most part,
 The lusty *Stanley* stout did lead ;
 A stock of striplings, strong of heart,
 Brought up from babes with beef and bre:

LXIV.

From Warton unto Warrington,
 From Wigan unto Wyersdale ;
 From Wedicar to Waddington,
 From old Ribchester to Rochdale ;

LXV.

From Poulton and Preston with pikes,
 They with *the Stanley* stout forth went ;
 From Pemberton and Pilling Dikes,
 For battle billmen bold were bent.

LXVI.

With fellows fresh and fierce in fights,
 Which Horton-Fields turn'd out in scores ;

With lusty lads—*Liver and Lights*—
From Blackburn and Bolton i'th' Moors.

LXVII.

With youths elected from Cheshire,
In armour bold for battle drest ;
And many a Gentleman and 'Squire,
Were under *Stanley's* streamer preat.

LXVIII.

Thus *Stanley* stout, the last of all,
Of the reward the rule did wield ;
Which done to Bolton in Glendale,
The total army took the field.

LXIX.

Where all the council did consent,
That Rougecross to the Scottish King
Straight with instructions should be sent,
To know his Majesty's meaning.

FIT THE SIXTH.

I.

" **W**HEREAS the castle too of Ford
" He threat'neth to overthrow ;"
Rougecross was charged word for word
The Earl's intention to let him know.

II.

" That if his Grace would so agree,
" To suffer that same fort to stand,
" And William Heron send home free
" Who then was captive in Scotland ;

III.

" Whereto if th' King would condescend,
" Earl Surrey promis'd to restore,

" And to him out of hand to send,
 " Of Scottish Nobles captives four;

IV.

" Lord Johnston and Sir Sandy Hume
 " Sir Richard Hume and William Carr—
 " Whereas the King did *eke* presume
 " In wrongful sort to stir up war,

V.

" Against the King his Broo-in-Law;
 " His subject cruelly did kill;
 " His piles and forts did fierce down throw,
 " And English blood spar'd not to spill:"

VI.

The Earl did charge the Herald straight
 To certify the said Scotch King;
 " That he in field with him would fight,
 " On Friday, then next following."

VII.

But ere that * Rougecross forth did fare,
 Lord Admiral took him aside,
 And bade him to the King declare
 His coming and access that tide.

VIII.

" That he from sea descended was
 " With all his total pow'r and might;
 " And that in forward with his Grace
 " He should him find fit for to fight.

IX.

" And when the Scots on him did call,
 " At days of March, to make redress,

* i. e. Rougecroix or red Cross.

" For Andrew Barton their Admiral,
 " Whom he with bloody blade did bless ;

X.

" Now he was come in person prest,
 " The said Sir Andrew's death to vouch ;
 " And if it in his pow'r doth rest,"
 Quoth he, " I shall serve him with such.

XI.

" For there shall no Scot escape undamn,
 " (The King in person sole except)
 " For so of th' Scots," quoth he again,
 " No other mercy I expect."

XII.

And yet ere Rougecross went his way,
 The Earl his council did expect
 That the Scotch King, without delay,
 An Herald would again direct.

XIII.

Wherefore Rougecross commanded there,
 No Scotchman near the field to bring ;
 Lest he their conduct might declare,
 And thereby dangers great might spring.

XIV.

Then Rougecross ready took his horse,
 Bedeck'd in coat of armour brave ;
 With him did wend a trumpet hoarse,
 That Scots their coming might perceive.

XV.

Their geldings were both good and light,
 From galloping they seldom staid ;
 Till at the length they view'd in sight
 Whereas their enemies army laid.

XVI.

The Scottish watch them soon descri'd,
 And straight convey'd before the King ;
 Where he with Barons bold did bide :
 Whom Rougecross did, on knees kneeling,

XVII.

With seemly salutation greet ;
 And after, his instructions straight
 Each one exprest in order meet ;
 And letters 'liver'd there in sight :

XVIII.

Whom when the King of Scots had heard,
 And eke had view'd his letters large ;
 E'en frantick-like he fuming fared,
 And bombard-like did boasts discharge.

XIX.

" If true," quoth he, " let be exprest
 " Thou Herald sent ;—anon recite—
 " And was your Earl so bold of breast
 " Thus proudly to a Prince to write ?

XX.

" But since he seems to be so rough,
 " I swear by sceptre and by crown,
 " Gu'd faith, he's have fighting enough,
 " On Friday before sun goes down.

XXI.

" For here to God I promise plight,
 " We never pass will from this Hill
 " Till we have tried your Earl's whole might,
 " And gi'n their folks fighting their fill.

XXII.

" Because he vex'd our land of late,
 " Perchance his stomach is extoll'd ;

" But now we will withstand his Grace,
 " Or thousand pates shall there be polled."

XXIII.

To presence then he call'd his Peers,
 To whom he read the Earl his bill ;
 And audience giv'n with ireful ears ;
 Some said, it came of little skill,

XXIV.

An Earl of so simple a Shire, *
 To 'nointed King such words to write !—
 Some bade the Schedule cast in fire ;—
 Some for to speak did spare for spight :

XXV.

Some said the Herald of's own head
 Such talk extempore did express ;
 And counsel'd with all poss'ble speed
 An Herald quickly to address ;

XXVI.

To know of the Earl Surrey plain
 If he such message did procure ;
 And till that he return'd again
 The English Herald to make sure.

XXVII.

Whereto the King did soon consent,
 And Rougecross sure in safety kept,
 And home with English trumpet sent
 An Herald by name Hay y'eleft :

F 2

*i. e. Surrey.

XXVIII.

Who was commanded for to know,
Of the Earl and his council sage,
If Rougecross truth to him did shew;
Or, if he had sent such message.

XXIX.

And if he tidings true had brought,
And to his Grace avouch'd no lie;
The King in mind anon forethought
How he the Earl might certify.

XXX.

Wherefore he Hay instructed straight-
With letters large and *loquintine*;
Which done, they soon set forth the night,
And tow'rd the English camp they drew.

XXXI.

But at a little village poor—
The Herald lit and took lodging;
For th' army was two miles or more,
Whiles trumpet shews of his coming.

XXXII.

The night was e'en at midst, well near,
And th' English Lords lying on grass;
Till time the trumpet did appear
And told Earl Surrey all the case:

XXXIII.

How that the Scots they did detain
Rougecross, and credit would * him not:
And for to know the truth more plain,
~~The King himself~~ had sent a Scot.

* i. e. Earl Surrey.

XXXIV.

Who was constrained for to stay,
And lodged was in village mean,
Lest he their order might display
And so the Scots advantage gain.

XXXV.

Which when Earl Surrey understood
And view'd the Scotchmen's dealings all;
With little sound and sober mood,
He straight did on his council call.

XXXVI.

Where he in presence did report
The total tale the trumpet told;
The council mus'd, with marvel great,
Why Scots their Herald did withhold:

XXXVII.

Not any cause cou'd they conject,
But all surmises were deferr'd;
And sage advice was clean defect,
Till they the Scottish Herald heard.

XXXVIII.

Wherefore as soon as Phœbus fair,
Dame Luna's light and stars did stain,
And burning Chaffing's fiery chair,
His startling steeds haled forth amain:

XXXIX.

Earl Surrey and his council sage,
To horseback then they hied around;
And every man did bring his page
To hold their horses in that stound.

XL.

But when they stept within the street;
The Scot was scarce from *Capage* got;

Where he their English Lords did greet
 With little court'sy like a Scot.

XLI.

Which done—Earl Surrey did command
 His message he should manifest :
 Then Hay the Herald, out of hand,
 His chiefest charge anon exprest.

XLII.

" My sovereign Lord"—quoth he—" King James—
 " Would of your Honour gladly hear,
 " If Rougecross was charg'd in your name
 " Such bold word to his Grace to bear ?

XLIII.

" My Master doth mistrust his words
 " With Leasing to be understood ;
 " Likewise doth all our peerless Lords :"
 Then soon he told what Rougecross said.

XLIV.

Quoth th' Earl, " What doth thy Master mean
 " Of Herald ours to make such dread ;
 " His message for to forge or feign
 " Of Leasing we do stand no need.

XLV.

" Our Herald's words we'll justify,
 " For Verity he did reveal ;
 " His writings eke the same will try
 " Which of our arms do bear the seal.

XLVI.

" Wherefore I of thy Master muse,
 " Our Herald why he handleth so ;
 " And 'gainst all reason doth refuse
 " Our message to make answer to."

FLODDEN FIELD.

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XLVII.

Then Hay again to him reply'd,

"I say,"—quoth he—"so said my Lord ;

"And to your message, at this tide,

"I shall make answer word for word.

XLVIII.

"And for Ford Castle first of all,

"Which to preserve ye did make suit ;

"To save the same from fire and fall

"My Master thereto bideth-mute.

XLIX.

"And for the owner of the Fort,

"Who William Heron hath to name ;

"My Master, name to shew you short,

"He will not answer to the same.

L.

"For Johnston and Sir Sandy Hume, and his

"Richard Hume and William Carr ;

"Our Prince himself in person's come

"Them to redeem by dint of war.

LI.

"If ye your message dare make good,

"On Friday next in field to fight ;

"My Master with a manful mood

"To mighty Jove had promis'd plight ;

LII.

"For to abide the battle bold,

"And give their folks fighting their fill ;

"And that your Lordship shew I should,

"So grateful be is Grace until—

LIII.

"As any Earl all England through,

"For if he had such message sent ;

" He being at home at Edinb'rough,
 " Would gladly 've answer'd your intent.

LIV.

" Now if with dint of sword ye dare,
 " Abide his Grace in battle bold,
 " On Friday next he craves no fare,
 " My message whole now I have told."

LV.

A thousand thanks Earl Surrey there
 Unto the Royal King did yield,
 Whose princely heart did not forbear,
 So simple a Lord to meet in field.

LVI.

And then a valiant vow he plight,
 That he the battle bold would bide,
 And on prefixed day to fight;
 Which done, he did command that tide,

LVII.

The Scottish Herald Hay y'elept
 A season there he should sojourn,
 And in safe custody be kept
 Till time that Rougecross did return.

LVIII.

When as the Herald Hay had heard
 Straight to the King his servant sent,
 Who to the King all things declar'd.
 With the Earl's answer and intent.

LIX.

The King then Rougecross did discharge,
 Who hied home to th' Earl in haste;
 Then Hay was suffer'd go at large
 When Rougecross came who was kept fast.

LX.

Then Rougecross did make true report,
To th' Earl and Captains in-like case,
As he had seen, and in what sort,
The Scottish King encamped was :

LXI.

Even on the height of FLODDEN-HILL,
Where down below his ordnance lay,
So strong that no man's study or skill,
To fight with him could find a way.

LXII.

Such mountains steep, such craggy hills,
His army on th' one side inclose ;
The other side great grizly gills
Did fence, with fenny mire and moss.

LXIII.

Which when the Earl understood
He council crav'd of his Captains all,
Who bade set forth with manful mood
And take such fortune as would fall.

FIT THE SEVENTH.

I.

WHERETO the Earl did soon consent,
And quickly called for a guide,
Lest by the way he harm might hent,
But hark what happened that tide :

II.

When th' Army press'd, was to proceed,
All 'ray'd in ranks ready to fight,
Came scouring, all in scarlet red,
With lusty lance, a horseman light.

III.

His face with velvet vizard hid,
 Thus plainly have I heard report ;
 Who radly by the ranks did ride,
 And straight to the Earl did resort.

IV.

All th' Army marvel'd at this Man,
 To see him ride in such array ;
 But what he was, or whence he came,
 No wight there was could certain say.

V.

When he the Earl of Surrey saw,
 From saddle light he leaped there,
 And down on knees did lout full low,
 Holding in hand his horse and spear :

VI.

And on this sort he silence brake,
 " My Lord," quoth he, " grant me some gr:
 " Pardon my life for pity sake ;
 " You have the Prince's power and place !

VII.

" Grant of your hand I grace may have ;
 " Freely forgive me mine offence,
 " Perchance ye shortly shall perceive,
 " Your kindness I may recompence."

VIII.

Quoth the Earl, " then note us thy name,
 " Belike thou'st done some heinous deed !
 " Thou dare not shew thy face for shame,
 " What is thy fact ? declare with speed :

IX.

" If thou hast wrought some treason tell,
 " Or English blood by murder spilt ;

" Or thou hast been some rude Rebel,
" Else we will pardon thee thy guilt."

X.

Then to the Earl he did reply,
And say, my Lord, " for offence such,
" The total world I do defie ;
" With treason me no man can touch !

XI.

" I grant, indeed, I wrong have wrought,
" Yet disobedience was the worst ;
" Else I am clear from deed or thought,
" And extremes they to me have forc'd

XII.

" And as for murthering English men,
" I never hurt man, maid, or wife :
" Howbeit,—Scots some nine or ten,
" At least, I have bereav'd of life :

XIII.

" Else I, in time of wealth or want,
" Still to my King persisted true ;
" Wherefore, good Lord, my life do grant,
" My name then shortly I shall shew."

XIV.

Quoth the Earl, " then pluck up thy heart,
" Thou seems to be no person prave,
" Stand up at once, lay dread apart,
" Thy pardon free here thou shalt have.

XV.

" Thou seems to be a man indeed,
" And of thy hands hardy and weight ;
" Of such a man we shall stand need
" Perchance on *Friday next* at night."

XVI.

Then on his feet he starts up straight,
And thanked the Earl at that tide ;
Then on his horse he leaped light,
Saying, my Lord, " ye lack a guide,

XVII.

" But I shall you conduct full straight,
" To where the Scots encamped are :
" I know of old the Scottish sleight,
" And crafty stratagems of war.

XVIII.

" Therefore experience hath me taught ;
" Now I shall shew you who I am,
" On borders here I was up brought,
" And bastard Hearon is my name."

XIX.

" What !" quoth the Earl, " Bastard Hearon,
" He died, at least, now two years since,
" Betwixt Newark and Northampton,
" He perish'd through the pestilence.

XX.

" Our King to death had doom'd the man,
" 'Cause he the Scottish Warden slew,
" And on our borders first began,
" These raging wars for to renew.

XXI.

" But God his purpose did prevent,
" He died of the plague to prove ;
" King Henry his death did since lament ;
" He wond'rous well the man did love.

XXII.

" Would God ! thy tale were true this tide ;
" Thou Bastard Hearon might be found,

"Thou in this gate should be our guide,
"I wot right well thou knowest the ground."

XXIII.

"I am the same," said he again,
And therewith did unfold his face;
Each person then perceiv'd him plain,
That done, he open'd all the case."

XXIV.

Quoth he, "When I the Scot's Warden,
"Had with my blade bereav'd of breath,
"I wist well I should get no pardon,
"But sure I was to suffer death."

XXV.

"In haste King Henry for me sent,
"To whom I durst not disobey;
"So towards LONDON straight I went,
"But hark what wile I wrought by th' way."

XXVI.

"I nought but truth to you shall note;
"That time in many a Town and Borough,
"The pestilence was raging hot,
"And raging reign'd all England thorough."

XXVII.

"So coming to a certain Town,
"I said I was infected sore,
"And in a Lodge they laid me down,
"Where company I had no more."

XXVIII.

"But my own secret servants three;
"For townsmen 'fraid, for fear did watch;
"So in that stead no more staid I,
"But homeward by the dark dispatch."

FLODDEN FIELD.

XXIX.

- " My servants secretly that night,
- " Did frame a Corps in cunning sort ;
- " And on the morrow as't was light
- " My death did ruefully report :

XXX.

- " And so my servants soon that morn,
- " The Corps to bury made them bown,
- " Crying alas ! like men forlorn,
- " And seem'd for sorrow to fall down.

XXXI.

- " The Corps they cunningly convey'd,
- " And caus'd the bells aloud be rung,
- " And money to the Priest they paid,
- " And service for my soul was sung,

XXXII.

- " Which done, they tidings straight did bring,
- " Unto King Henry I was dead ;
- " Christ have his soul then said the King,
- " For sure he should have lost his head :

XXXIII.

- " If he up to the Court had come,
- " I promise had so by St. Paul ;
- " But since God did prevent our doom,
- " Almighty Christ forgive his soul :

XXXIV.

- " To Mansion mine I came at last,
- " By Journies nimble all by night ;
- " And now two years or more are past,
- " Since I aptly appear'd in sight.

XXXV.

- " No wight did weet but I was dead,
- " Save my three servants and my wife ;

FLODDEN FIELD.

"Now I am start up in this stead,
"And come again from death to life."

XXXVI.

Which said, the Lords and Captains sam,
From laughing loud could not abstain,
To hear his gande they had good gam,
And of his welfare all were tain.

XXXVII.

Whose policy they had perceiv'd,
And often times his truth had try'd;
Which was the cause so sore they crav'd
This Hearon grave to be their guide!

XXXVIII.

Then forth before he fiercely flew,
The bord'ers bold to him they drew,
The total Army did ensue,
And came that night to Wallers-Haw.

XXXIX.

There th' English Lords did lodge their Host,
Because the place was plain and dry,
And was within six miles at most
Whereas the enemy's host did lie.

XL.

The morrow next they all remov'd,
Though weather was both foul and ill;
Along down by a pleasant flood,
Which called is th' water of Till.

XLI.

And all that day they view'd in sight,
Whereas the Scots for battle bode;
Because the day was spent; that night
The Army lodg'd at Barrin-wood.



BLODDEN FIELD.

XLII.

Then valiantly with the Vanguard,
The morrow next, with mature skill,
The Admiral did march forward
And pass'd o'er the water of Till.

XLIII.

At Toynsil-bridge with ordnance
And other engines fit for war;
His father forth did eke advance,
And at Milford, from thence not far.

XLIV.

With the Rereward the river past,
All ready in ranks and battle array:
They had no need more time to waste,
For victuals they had none that day.

XLV.

But black fasting as they were born,
From flesh, or fish, or other food;
Drink had they none two days before,
But water wan in running flood.

XLVI.

Yet they such steadfast faiths did bear,
Unto their King and native land,
Each one to th' other then did swear
'Gainst foes to fight whilst they could stand.

XLVII.

And never flee whilst life did last,
But rather die by dint of sword.
Thus over plains and hills they pass'd,
Until they came to Sandiford.

XLVIII.

A brook of breadth a taylor's yard,
Where th' Earl of Surrey thus did say;

FLODDEN FIELD.

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" Good fellow soldiers be not fear'd
" But fight it out like men this day.

XLIX.

" Like English Men now play your parts,
" Bestow your strokes with stomach bold;
" Ye know the Scottish coward hearts,
" And how we scourged them of old.

L.

" Strike but three strokes with stomach stout,
" And shoot each man sharp arrows three,
" And you shall see without all doubt,
" The scoulding Scots begin to flee :

LI.

" Think on your country's common wealth;
" In what Estate the same shall stand,
" To English men no hope of health,
" If Scots do get the upper hand.

LII.

" If we should not them boldly 'bide,
" But coward-like of them should turn;
" All England north from Trent to Tweed,
" The haughty Scots would harr and burn.

LIII.

" Your faithful Wives, your Daughters pure,
" They would not stick for to defile;
" Of life none should be save or sure,
" But murther'd be by villains vile.

LIV.

" But if ye'll fight like soldiers fierce;
" So that by force we win the field;
" My tongue cannot tell and rehearse,
" What plenteous soil we then shall wield.

FLODDEN FIELD.

LV.

" Besides all that perpetual praise,
 " Throughout all ages we shall gain ;
 " And quietly pass out our days,
 " And in perduring peace remain."

LVI.

All sam the soldiers then repli'd,
 And there to th' Earl did promise plight,
 There on that bent boldly to bide,
 And never flee but fiercely fight.

LVII.

Then marched forth the men of war,
 And every band their banner shew'd,
 And trumpets hoarse were heard afar,
 And glistening harness shining view'd.

LVIII.

Thus they past forth upon the plain,
 And straight forth by a valley low,
 Where up above on the mountain,
 The Scottish army in sight they saw ;

LIX.

Whom they did leave on the left-hand,
 And pass forth on the sunny side ;
 Till 'twixt the Scots and Scottish land,
 They were conducted by their guide.

LX.

Now all this while the King of Scots,
 Beheld them fair before his eyen ;
 Within his mind drove many doubts,
 Musing what th' Englishmen did mean.

LXI.

Giles Musgrave was a guileful Greek,
 And friend familiar with the King ;

FLODDEN FIELD.

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Who said Sir King, "if you do seek,
" To know the Englishmen's meaning ;

LXII.

" Ye better notice cannot have,
" Than that which I to you shall tell ;
" What they forecast I full conceive,
" I know their purpose passing well.

LXIII.

" Your marches they mean for to sack,
" And borders yours to harr and burn ;
" Wherefore its best that we go back,
" From such intent them for to turn."

LXIV.

This Musgrave was a man of skill,
And spake this for a policy,
To cause the King come down the hill,
That so the battle try'd might be.

LXV.

The King gave credit to his words,
Trusting his talk was void of train,
He with consent of all his Lords,
Did march with speed down to the plain.

LXVI.

By north there was another hill,
Which Bankstone-Hill is call'd by name ;
The Scots anon did scour there till,
Lest th' Englishmen should get the same.

LXVII.

The litter which they left behind,
And other filth, on fire they set ;
Whose dusty smoke the wrastling wind,
Even straight between the armies bet.

FLODDEN FIELD.

LXVIII.

Still on the height the Scots them held;
 The Englishmen march'd on below,
 The smothering smoke the light so feald,
 That neither army t'other saw.

LXIX.

At length the weather waxed clear,
 And smoke consum'd within a while;
 Now both the Hosts in distance were,
 Not past a quarter of a mile.

LXX.

The Admiral did plain aspect,
 The Scots array'd in battles four;
 The man was sage and circumspect,
 And soon perceived that his power—

LXXI.

So great a strength would not gainstand;
 Wherefore he to his Father sent,
 Desiring him straight out of hand,
 With th' Rear-ward ready to be bent,

LXXII.

And join with him in equal ground,
 Where to the Earl agreed anon:
 Then drums struck up with dreadful sound,
 And trumpets blew with doleful tune!

LXXIII.

Then sounding bows were soon upbent!
 Some did their arrows sharp up take,
 Some did in hand their halberts bent,
 Some rusty bills did ruffling shake.

FLODDEN FIELD.

FIT THE EIGHTH.

I.

THEN ordnance great anon out brast,
On either side with thund'ring thumps;
And roaring guns with fire fast
Then levell'd out great leaden lumps.

II.

With rumbling rage thus Vulcan's art,
Began this field and fearful fight;
But the arch-gunner on th' English part,
The master Scot did mark so right.

III.

That he with bullet brast his brain,
And hurl'd his heels his head above.
Then pip'd he such a peal again,
The Scots he from their ordnance drove.

IV.

So by the Scots artillery,
The Englishmen no harm did hent;
But the English gunner grievously
Them tennis-balls he sousing sent.

V.

Into the midst of the enemy's ranks,
Where they with rageous caps down rush'd:
Some shouting laid with broken shanks,
Some crying laid with members crush'd!

VI.

Thus th' Englishmen with bombards shot,
Their foes on heaps down thick they threw.
But yet the Scots, with stomach stout,
Their broken ranks did still renew.

FLODDEN FIELD.

VII.

And when the roaring guns did cease,
To handy strokes they hied apace,
And with their total power press,
To join with enemy face to face.

VIII.

The Englishmen their feather'd flights,
Sent out anon from sounding bow,
Which wounded many warlike wights,
And many a groom to ground did throw.

IX.

The gray goose wing did work such grief,
And did the Scots so scour and scale;
For in their battle, to be brief,
They rattling flew as thick as hail:

X.

That many a soldier on the soil,
Lay dead that day through dint of dart;
The arrows keen kept such a coil,
And wounded many wight men's heart.

XI.

And pierc'd the scalp of many a Scot,
So that on ground they groaning fell:
Some had his shoulder quite through shot,
Some leaving life did loudly yell.

XII.

Some from his leg the lance did pull,
Some through his stomach sore was stick'd,
Some bleeding bellow'd like a bull,
Some were through privy members prick'd.

XIII.

But yet the Scots still stout did stand,
Till arrows shot at length was done,

And plied apace to strokes of hand,
And at the last did battle join.

XIV.

Then on the English part with speed,
The bills step'd forth, and bows went back,
The morrish pikes and mells of lead,
Did deal there many a dreadful thwack,

XV.

The Englishmen straight east and west,
And southward did their faces set;
The Scotchmen northward proudly prest,
And manfully their foes they met.

XVI.

First westward of a wing there was,
Sir Edmund Howard captain chief;
With whom did pass in equal mace,
Sir Bryan Tunstal, to be brief;

XVII.

With whom encounter'd a strong Scot,
Which was the King's chief chamberlain;
Lord Hume by name, of courage hot,
Who manfully march'd them again.

XVIII.

Ten thousand Scots well tried and told,
Under his standard stout he led;
When th' Englishmen did them behold
For fear, at first, they would have fled!

XIX.

Had not the valiant Tunstal been,
Who still step'd on with stomach stout,
Crying,—“come on good countrymen,
“Now fiercely let us fight it out!

XX.

" Let not the number of our foes,
 " Your manful hearts 'minish or shake;
 " Let it ne'er be laid unto our nose,
 " That Scotchmen made us turn our back.

XXI.

" Like doughty lads let's rather die,
 " And from our blood take all rebuke;
 " With edged tools now let us try,"
 Then from the ground he mould up took,

XXII.

And did the same in mouth receive,
 In token of his Maker dear!
 Which when his people did perceive,
 His valiant heart renew'd their cheer.

XXIII.

Then first before in foremost ray,
 The trusty Tunstal bold forth sprung,
 His stomach could no longer stay,
 But thundering thrust into the throng.

XXIV.

And as true men did make report,
 In present place which did on look;
 He was the first, for to be short,
 On th' English part that profer'd stroke.

XXV.

All those that he with halbert taught,
 He made to stacker in that stound,
 And many a groan to ground he brought,
 And dealt there many a deadly wound.

XXVI.

And forward 'gainst foes still he flew,
 And threshing turn'd them all to teen;

Where he a noble Scotchman slew,
Which called was Sir Malkin Kech.

XXVII.

And still his foes pursued fast,
And weapon in Scotch blood he warm'd,
And slaughters lashed; till at last,
The Scots so thick about him swarm'd,

XXVIII.

That he from succour sever'd was,
And from his men which Scots had skail'd:
Yet for all that, he kept his place,
He fiercely fought and never fail'd.

XXIX.

Till with an edged sword one came,
And at his legs below did lash,
And near a score of Scots all sam,
Upon his helmet high did dash:

XXX.

Though he could not withstand such strength,
Yet never would he flee nor yield;
Alas! for want of aid at length,
He slain was fighting fierce in field.

XXXI.

Down fell this valiant active Knight!
His body great on ground did lie;
But up to Heaven with Angels bright,
His golden Ghost did flickering fly!

XXXII.

After his fall his people fled,
And all that wing did fall to wrack;
Some fighting fierce died in that stead,
The rest for terror turn'd their back!

H

FLODDEN FIELD.

XXXIII.

Save Sir Edmond Howard all alone,
 Who with his standard bearer yet,
 Seeing his folks all fled and gone,
 In haste to Vanguard hied to get.

XXXIV.

But he Scot free had not so 'scap'd ;
 For why, right hot Sir David Hume,
 With troop of Scots had him entrap'd ;
 Had not John Bastard Hearon come,

XXXV.

With half a score of horseman light,
 Crying,—“ Now Howard, have good heart,
 “ For unto death till we be dight,
 “ I promise here to take thy part.”

XXXVI.

Which heard, then Howard heart up drew,
 And with the spear-men forth he sprung,
 And fiercely 'mong their foes he flew,
 Where David Hume down dead lay flung.

XXXVII.

And many a Scot that stout did stand,
 With dreadful death they did reward !
 So Howard through bold Hearon's hand,
 Came safe and sound to the Vanguard.

XXXVIII.

Where th' Admiral with strength extent,
 Then in the field fierce fighting was,
 'Gainst whom in battle bold was bent,
 Two Earls both of an antique race.

XXXIX.

Th' one Crauford call'd, th' other Montross,
 Who led twelve thousand Scotchmen strong.

FLODDEN FIELD.

99

Who manfully met with their foes,
With leaden mells and lances long.

XL.

There battering blows made sallet sound,
There many a sturdy stroke was given,
And many a Baron brought to ground,
And many a banner broad was riven.

XLI.

But yet, in fine, through mighty force,
The Admiral 'quit himself so well,
And wrought so that the Scots had worst,
For down in field both Earls they fell.

XLII.

Then the Earl of Surrey next by east,
Most fiercely 'gainst his enemies fought,
'Gainst whom King James in person prest,
With banners blazed his battle brought.

XLIII.

Wherein was many a Baron bold,
And many a Lord of lusty blood,
And trusty Knight well tried of old,
And mitred Prelates passing proud.

XLIV.

With th' Earl of Catness and Catoll,
The Earl of Moreton and of Marr,
With Arell, Adell, and Atholl,
Of Bothwell bold, and of Clerk.

XLV.

Lord Lovet led a lusty power
So Clueston, Inderby and Ross;
Lord Maxwell with his brethren four,
With Bothwick, Bogginy and Forbes.

XLVI.

Lord Askill, Sinclair and Simpell,
 With soldiers try'd a mighty sum,
 All with the King came down the hill,
 With Cowell, Kay and Caddie Hume.

XLVII.

With the Captains of Commons stout,
 Above twenty thousand men at least ;
 Which with the King most fierce on foot,
 Against their foes were then address,

XLVIII.

The Earl Surrey on th' English side,
 Encouraged his soldiers keen ;
 Crying,—“ Good fellows, strike this tide,
 “ Let now your doughty deeds be seen !”

XLIX.

Then spears and pikes to work were put,
 And blows with bills most dure were dealt,
 And many a cap of steel through cut,
 And swinging swaps made many swelt.

L.

There many a soldier fell in swoon,
 On either side with wounds right sore,
 And many a strong man stricken down ;
 Some dying rageously did roar.

LI.

Then on the Scottish part right proud,
 The Earl of Bothwell then out brast,
 And stepping forth with stomach good,
 Into the enemies throng he thrust.

LII.

And “ Bothwell,” Bothwell cried bold,
 To cause his soldiers to ensue ;

But there he catch'd a welcome cold,
The Englishmen straight down him throw.

LIII.

Thus Harburn through his hardy heart,
His *fatal fine* in conflict found;
Now all this while on either part,
Were dealt full many a deadly wound.

LIV.

On either side were soldiers slain,
And stricken down by strength of hand,
That who could win, none weet might plain,
The Victory in doubt did stand.

FIT THE NINTH.

I.

TILL at the last great Stanley stout,
Came marching up the mountain steep;
His folks could hardly fast their feet,
But fore'd on hands and feet to creep.

II.

And some their boots left down below,
That toes might take the better hold;
Some from their feet the shoes did throw,
Of true men thus I have been told.

III.

The sweat down from their bodies ran,
And hearts did hop in panting breast;
At last the Mountain top they wan,
In warlike wise ere Scotchmen wist.

IV.

Where for a space brave Stanley staid,
 Until his folks had taken breath;
 To whom all sam e'en thus he said,
 " Most hardy mates, down from this Heath.

V.

" Against our foes fast let us hie,
 " Our valiant countrymen to aid,
 " With fighting fierce; I fear me, I,
 " Through lingering long may be o'erlaid.

VI.

" My Lancashire most lively wights,
 " And chosen mates of Cheshire strong,
 " From sounding bow your feather'd flight,
 " Let fiercely fly your foes among.

VII.

" March down from this high Mountain top,
 " And brunt of battle let us 'bide,
 " With stomach stout let's make no stop,
 " And Stanley stout will be your guide.

VIII.

" A scourge for Scots my Father was,
 " He Berwick town from them did gain;
 " No doubt so ere this day shall pass,
 " His Son like fortune shall obtain.

IX.

" And now the Earl of Surrey sore,
 " The Scots I see besets this tide;
 " Now since with foes he fights before
 " We'll suddenly set on the side."

X.

The noise then made the Mountains ring,
 And " Stanley stout," they all did cry,

Out went anon the gray goose wing,
'Mongst the Scots did flickering fly.

XI.

Then showers of arrows sharp were shot,
They rattling ran as rank as hail,
And pierc'd the scalp of many a Scot,
No shield or pavish could prevail.

XII.

Although the Scots at Stanley's name,
Were 'stonish'd sore, yet stout they stood;
Yet for defence they fiercely frame,
And arrows dint with danger 'bode.

XIII.

And when the shower of arrows shot,
Did somewhat cease within a while;
Th' Earl of Huntley-haughty and hot,
With th' Earl of Lenox and Argile.

XIV.

Lord Bothwick, Bogginie and Forbess,
With them ten thousand Scotchmen strong,
Through death endur'd with danger force,
Right stoutly yet they stood too't long.

XV.

Which when Lord Stanley stont did see,
Into the throng he thund'ring thrust;
"My Lancashire brave lads," quoth he,
"Down with the Scots this tide we must."

XVI.

Then foes he forc'd to break their ray,
And many a life was lost that while;
No voice was heard but kill and slay,
Down goes the Scotch Earl of Argile.

XVII.

The Earl of Lenox' luck was like,
He fighting fierce was slain that tide ;
So Lord Forbess. Bogginie and Bothwick,
Upon the bent did breathless bide.

XVIII.

And so the Earl of Huntley's hap,
Had been resembling to the rest ;
But that through skill he made a 'scape,
With an English blade he had been blest.

XIX.

But he by hap had a horse at hand,
On whom he scouring 'scapt away,
Else doubtless as the case did stand,
On FLODDEN-HILL he'd died that day.

XX.

After these Lords were fallen and fled,
And companies left captainless ;
Being sore astonish'd in that stead,
Did fall to flight both more and less.

XXI.

Whom Stanley with his total strength,
Pursu'd right sore, down on the plain,
Where on the King he light at length,
Who fighting was with all his main.

XXII.

When his approach the King perceiv'd,
With stomach stout he him withstood ;
His Scots right bravely them behav'd,
And boldly there the battle 'bode.

XXIII.

But when the English arrows shot,
On each part did so pierce and galt,

That ere they came to handy strokes,
A number great on ground did fall.

XXIV.

The King himself was wounded sore,
An arrow fierce in's forehead light,
That hardly he could fight us more,
The blood so blemished his sight.

XXV.

Yet like a warrior stout he staid,
And fiercely did exhort that tide ;
His men to be nothing dismay'd,
But battle boldly there to bide.

XXVI.

But what avail'd his valour great,
Or bold device, all was but vain ;
His captains keen fall'd at his feet,
And standard bearer down was slain.

XXVII.

Th' Arch-Bishop of Saint Andrews brave,
King James's Son in base begot,
That doleful day did death receive,
With many a lusty Lord-like Scot.

XXVIII.

As the Earl of Catness and Castel,
Moreton and Fairr for all their power ;
The Earl of Arell and Atholl,
Lord Maxwell with his brethren four.

XXIX.

And last of all among the lave,
King James himself to death was brought ;
Yet by whose fact, few could perceive,
But Stanley still most like was thought.

XXX.

After the King and Captains slain,
The commons straight did fall to flight,
The Englishmen pursu'd amain,
And never ceas'd while Sun gave light.

XXXI.

Then the Earl of Surrey made to sound,
A trumpet to retreat anon,
And Captains caused to keep their ground,
Till morrow next while night was done.

XXXII.

But th' English soldiers all that night,
Although they weary were with toil,
The Scotchman costly, slain in fight,
Of Jewels rich spar'd not to spoil.

XXXIII.

The Corps of many worthy wight,
They uncased of his fine array;
And many a Baron brave and Knight,
Their bodies all bare naked lay.

XXXIV.

The Carcass of the King himself,
Bare naked left, as it was born;
The Earl could not know it so well,
Searching the same upon the morn.

XXXV.

Until Lord Dacres at the last,
By certain signs did him bewray;
The Corps then in a cart being cast,
They to Newcastle did convey.

XXXVI.

Great store of guns and warlike gear,
Whereas the Field was fought they found.

Which they to Berwick then being near,
And to Newcastle carried round.

XXXVII.

The certain sum being searched out,
Twelve thousand Scots died in that stead;
On the English side were slain about,
Some fifteen hundred as we read.

XXXVIII.

Yet never a Nobleman of fame,
But Bryan Tunstal bold, alas!
Whose Corps home to his burial came,
With worship great, as worthy was!

XXXIX.

This Field was fought in September,
In Chronicles as may be seen ;
In the year of God as I remember,
One thousand five hundred and thirteen.

PRACONIA POST FUNERA MANENT.











